

What I Think of the Newspapers

By J. Ogden Armour

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Fair and Warmer

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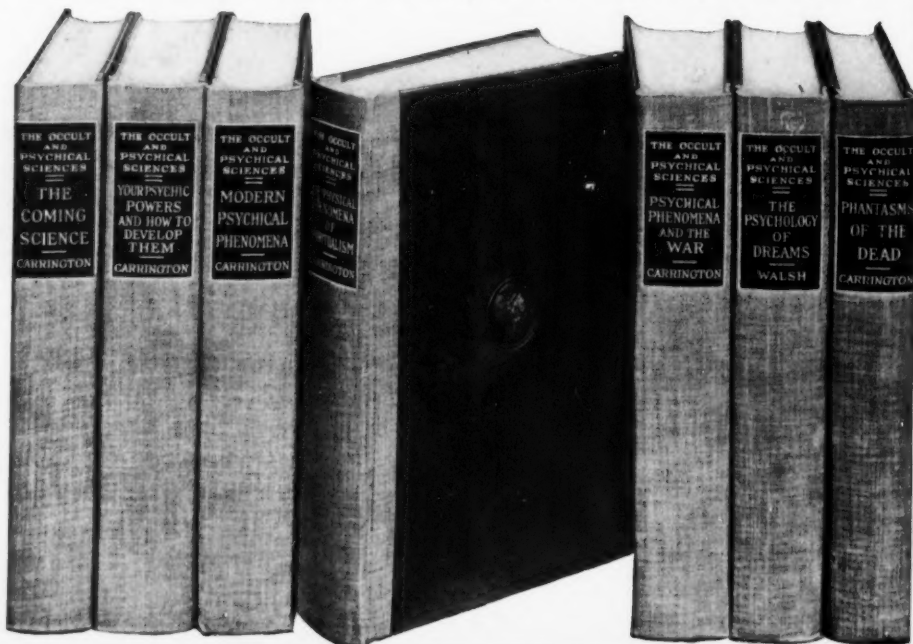
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Leslie's Business Forecast Number

AS a practical guide to conditions in the business world during 1921 the next issue of *Leslie's Weekly* will be unique and important. To the man who wants to know what the keenest business minds of the country are thinking and planning for the ensuing year, what the big chiefs in industry, finance and commerce have to say on the vital subject of the business outlook, this issue will be of genuine helpfulness and a real inspiration.

Elbert H. Gary, Chairman of the Board of Directors and Chief Executive Officer of the United States Steel Corporation—the largest corporation in the world—has analyzed for *Leslie's*, conditions as they are and as they will be in American industry, and throws much needed light on the immediate business future. He writes in great detail of the growing and broadening sympathy between employers and employees, of the readjustment of prices, of the relation of government to business, of some ideal plans for the extension of enterprise, of the income tax law and of the increasingly large opportunities for the sound investment of capital.

A. C. Bedford, Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Standard Oil Company and recently re-

turned from a tour of investigation into the oil situation abroad, contributes an article of great value to all who have the interest of our national supremacy at heart. To the thousands who have money invested in oil stocks the information given by Mr. Bedford in this article will prove both fascinating reading and informative to a high degree. The status of our business future as affected by the world's supply of oil is certain to arouse the thoughtful interest of every live American.

Frank A. Vanderlip, whose name is a familiar one in all financial circles, discusses the effect of Senator Harding's election on our business future.

George E. Roberts, Vice-President of the National City Bank of New York—the most influential financial institution in the country—sounds a word of warning on the needed restoration of activity in all departments of industry.

George M. Reynolds, President of the Continental and Commercial Bank of Chicago—one of the nation's great financial institutions of the West—writes of business expansion, credits and price reductions.

Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor,

speaking for the American workman, declares among other things in his contribution to this issue of *Leslie's*, that "The strategic position of the employers in industry makes it necessary for the workers to adopt policies in accord with the policies adopted by employers in matters of importance relating to industrial conduct."

The Editors of Six Leading Trade Publications give their prognostications of the next year's trade in the various lines which their journals represent.

The Governors of Seven States (including Pennsylvania and Kansas) contribute short opinions of the business outlook in their local territories.

Other views from such widely varied angles of opinion as the church, politics, journalism, and the university are contributed by Dr. C. F. Aked, Dr. David Starr Jordan, Dr. Frank Crane, Senator Medill McCormick, Frank B. Noyes, Hudson Maxim, and W. A. ("Billy") Sunday.

All of this, plus the regular illustrated features of *Leslie's Weekly*, make the Business Forecast Number one of the most notable and intrinsically valuable issues of "The Oldest Illustrated Weekly Newspaper in the United States."

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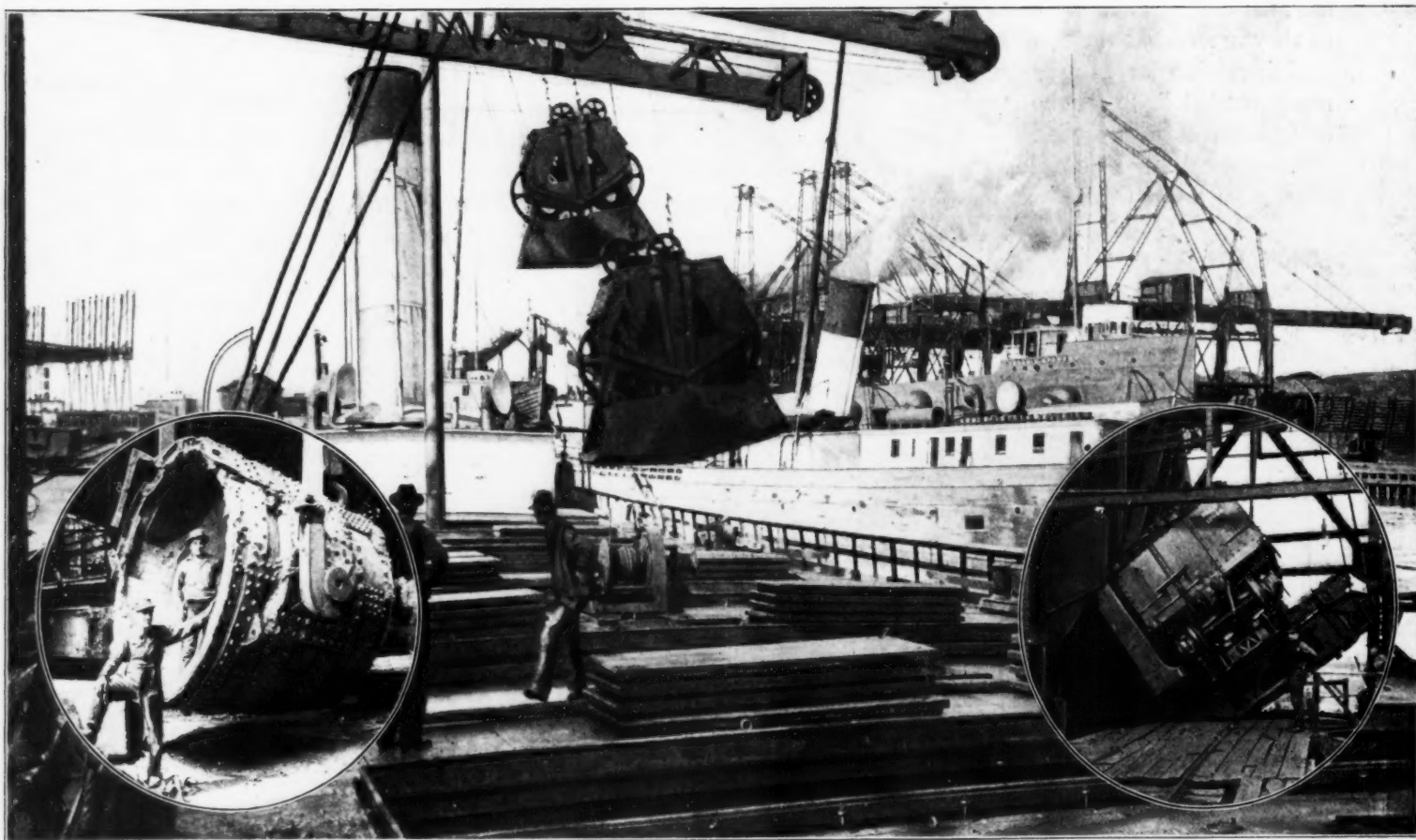
AMERICAN INDUSTRY THROUGH THE CAMERA'S EYE—NO. 3



You Don't Have to Dig Deep to Find Buried Treasure in the Casthouse of a Blast Furnace

What bears a rough resemblance to the destruction of a railroad yard—the rails removed, the ties in chaos—is the final stage in the cooling process of iron. The molds have done their work. Some men are loosening the "pigs" with

crowbars; others are removing the sand used in casting. Sand still coats the newly formed iron, and where the men are working there is still plenty of heat in it. The photograph is of the casthouse of a Pittsburgh blast furnace.



A Can That Is Still "Rushed"

Cleaning and repairing the great ladle which delivers the fiery metal to the molds. The ladle is lined with firebrick. A stopper at bottom controls the flow.

Unloading Ore at an Ohio Port

When the ore supply comes East via the Great Lakes, a large supply must be provided for use during the winter. Ice early closes the Great Lakes.

Feeding the Ore Carriers

Coal, carloads at a time, are dumped into the hoppers. One mineral supplies the energy to move another; Mother Nature's idea of reciprocity.



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THE OLDEST ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY
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"I take no exception to legitimate, unavoidable error. What I do take exception to is mixing the functions of the editorial page and news pages. It

is that mixing which today is destroying the influence of the newspaper with thinking men, and giving to the unthinking public a vast amount of untruth."

What I Think of the Newspapers

By J. OGDEN ARMOUR

BEFORE we can get anywhere in discovering the true responsibility of the daily newspaper, one has rather definitely to decide on what a newspaper is. Is it intended to present views or news? Is it a journal of opinion, a record of events, or a vaudeville show in type? A newspaper may fall into any one of these classifications and still be perfectly honest and reputable.

There can be no complaint if a newspaper pretends to fill all of these functions. I have no liking for a sheet that is as colorless and dull as a report of a scientific society. There is no reason why a newspaper exercising all of these functions should not be thoroughly honest and responsible—the difficulties arise out of confusing the functions so that while the editorial page is presumed to be devoted to views, the reader may instead be getting news; while in the news articles he may be getting either views or vaudeville.

It is as a rule charged that the newspapers do not present the news—that their main interests are political and commercial, and that the news is colored or suppressed for political or commercial reasons. The "radical press," for instance, insists that the "capitalist press" is but a tissue of untruth and that for the truth on subjects touching the common people, only the "radical press" may be depended upon.

This is wholly untrue. The so-called radical press rarely contains a statement of actual facts, and, since it is a propaganda press, there is no particular reason why it should print any facts or give to the reader any unpartisan information from which he can draw his own conclusions.

With the general newspaper the situation is different. I take it that the function of the press is to educate, to lay the facts, as far as they can be ascertained, before the people, and to safeguard in every way that integrity of sentiment which, in a commonwealth such as ours, eventually crystallizes into law.

Facts About the Author

J. OGDEN ARMOUR is President of Armour & Company, the largest packing establishment in the world. He is not only that, but he is personally, with the various ramifications of the company, the largest merchant in the world. The business of Armour & Company descended to his family, of which he is the present head, from the founder, Philip D. Armour, more familiarly known as "P.D." But unlike most sons of rich men the present head of the family has carried on the business to a point of which his father could hardly have dreamed.

Originally what is now loosely known as the packing business consisted of killing and shipping live stock. That, of course, is still the foundation, but today, instead of the money being made out of the actual carcasses sold, the real profits are gained through what was formerly thrown away. From one of the roughest of all businesses, for as Mr. Armour himself says, the killing of cattle is no "parlor game," the present enterprise has become easily the most scientific in the United States. Every single possibility is utilized not only in the direction of what was formerly waste but also in branching out into collateral lines in order to keep the sales force busy in off seasons. This company makes money at a marginal profit upon which no ordinary concern could even exist.

Mr. Armour is by no means merely the titular head—he is the active, directing force. His father put him into the business as a mail clerk and forced him to work his way up through every department to the head. He is the best exponent in America of large business on a truly scientific basis.

Now I recognize that in almost any case what are the exact facts—the real truth—are almost impossible to get at. It would require reporters and editors of super-human attainments to present the facts. The truth, the ultimate conclusion, is not something that we can ask for and expect to get in this world. It is well-known that perfectly honest and sincere eye-witnesses of an event will, in a court of law, give diametrically opposed accounts of that event. Therefore, if three different reporters view a single occurrence and all three are wholly honest, it is possible there will be three accounts of that event that will vary not only in detail but also fundamentally.

When, in the trial of a case, the witnesses on one side all exactly agree, it is not amiss to wonder if some of them are committing perjury—that they are telling not what they saw, but what they were told to say. In the hurry of the news from day to day we cannot expect accounts of absolute accuracy. And to determine what is absolute accuracy the human element again enters. I do not recall that the exact facts have as yet been ascertained on any event in history. Every period in history, every character in history, is a subject for somebody to write what he calls "the true facts" about. These true facts commonly found their veracity on being somewhat different from any other facts previously given.

We must have the news from day to day. We want the rumors of what may happen as well as the news of what has happened. The proposals from time to time made that the newspapers should not print anything as news until it has been verified would destroy one of the functions of the paper—which is to present the world, if not as it is, at least as it seems to be.

There is an opportunity to go wrong on almost any piece of news. And I take no exception to legitimate, unavoidable error. What I do take exception to is mixing the functions of the editorial page and news pages. And it is that mixing which today is going very far

towards destroying the influence of the newspaper with thinking men, and giving to the unthinking public a vast amount of untruth.

Propaganda is an editorial, not a news function, and I do not care what kind of propaganda is put forward. Yet you may turn to almost any newspaper in the country and find that a fair number of the most important stories of the day are either colored in the text to suit the policy of the paper, or that the headlines, instead of telling the reader what the story is about, constitute an editorial comment on that story.

Take a very familiar instance. Suppose a man is called in an investigation—and in these days when investigations are epidemic nearly every man in business is at some time or other called to testify before some committee or other. The object of the investigation is not always of importance—it is sometimes undertaken in order that the investigators may get their names into the newspapers in a larger way than is possible by the route of speeches from the legislative floor. A man is presumably called before the committee because the members think he has some knowledge of the subject which is being inquired into. The man in question may know nothing whatsoever about the subject. He may know as little about it as he knows of the style of hair-dressing most approved on Mars. He frankly tells the committee that he has no information. He categorically answers every question. Now, if a newspaper does not happen to like that man, does it say that he has no information and by his testimony clearly shows that he can have no information, and is therefore not in any way involved? If it is what is called a reputable as opposed to a yellow newspaper, it will give a correct abstract of the testimony, but it may put into the headlines: "Brown pleads ignorance," thereby conveying the innuendo that the witness is a skilful liar.

A yellow newspaper will not hesitate to present the whole story in innuendo and make more prominent some committeeman's gratuitous comment on the fact that the witness did not know than the actual testimony

demonstrating that he could not, under any circumstance, possibly know.

The majority of the readers of newspapers get their impressions of the news of the day solely through the headlines. They read the headlines, skip the editorials, and plunge into the vaudeville section. Therefore, I take it as one of the responsibilities of the newspaper to have the headlines reflect the real content of the story and not the editorial comment. A man who is accused of murder, or accused of anything else, is usually guilty in the headlines, although the story may be a plain and accurate statement of fact. Unfair headline writing is a most flagrant and inexcusable violation of the duty of a newspaper to the public. But there is another large section on the borderland of news where, I believe, responsibility demands a large measure of caution, and that is where some man, famous or notorious, in office or out of office, states as a fact something which is really only a wild opinion. Such a man may or may not know what he is talking about. Putting a donkey into office makes him no less a donkey. There are no end of men in public life who get publicity and something of a reputation simply by making sensational statements. And if they are called upon to substantiate these statements the fact that they cannot do so rarely interests the public. It is not news. Or, if the denial is printed, it is modestly tucked away on an inside page. The untrue statement blared on the front page.

In my opinion, known or suspected untruths, no matter by whom they are voiced, deserve no place in newspaper columns. There is no reason for printing the loose talk and crumbs of gossip so gladly given out by the parasites of industry and labor for the body politic.

And especially does a newspaper assume a very grave responsibility in printing a wholly destructive statement which is, on its face, untrue or which deserves investigation. I think this test might be applied to all news of this suspicious character: Is it constructive?

I admit that the most interesting news is usually de-

structive. Burning down a bridge is a better news item than building a bridge. There can be little question of this fact, although I do think the striving for sensation causes the front page of a newspaper to present a very distorted view of the world. The fact that a woman has murdered a man to whom she was not married is not of very great importance to people in general. Yet, if the murder is out of the ordinary run of killings, it will take precedence over, say, the status of the British coal strike, which is an event of importance to every person in the world.

I do not object to destructive political opinion being expressed. I think we all ought to be given, as far as possible, the complete news on strikes, on disorders of every kind, and the actual progress, as it is fairly noted, of radicalism. Indeed, I like to see radicalism get into the newspapers, for it is not necessarily destructive. A little radicalism is a good thing for humanity and for civilization, just as a little digitalis is good, now and then, for the heart. But an overdose of digitalis stops the heart and likewise an overdose of radicalism stops civilization.

Exploitation of radicalism as a political asset is wholly bad and it does not make much difference whether the exploiter is promoting or destroying this radicalism.

The function of the newspaper, then, as I take it, is first, to give people the news—to pipe the news from its source to the reader. Its second function is to advance civilization—that is, the well-being of the people. Certainly there must be a very considerable divergence of opinion on how this well-being is to be advanced. The place for expressing that difference of opinion is on the editorial page, or, following the French custom, by signed leaders that are frankly opinionated.

What I object to, and where I think too many newspapers avoid their responsibility, is printing opinion as news; for then they take away from the public, that must depend upon the newspaper for the major part of its information, the basis for founding that independent opinion without which the best progress is impossible.

Dissolving Partnership with the Hookworm

By FREDERICK C. RUSSELL

FRIDAY morning found me heading for Bill Smith's office, ostensibly to get his opinion on what ought to be done to bring American business back into the spirit with which it was born. Everybody has been voicing some remedy, but Smith is an average business man so I turned to him.

When I had explained my mission, Smith aired his views with the one hackneyed line: "We must get back to work!" This was not an encouraging start. And I was inclined to doubt the sincerity of his statement, for he offered me a chair, passed out a good cigar, and prepared to waste an hour's time, or more, chatting over things.

That he allowed the precious minutes of the working-day to slip by so willingly gave me an entirely new slant on the whole thing. It suddenly occurred to me that no nation runs at a pace faster than its average public. I looked at Smith, sitting there contentedly enveloped in the smoke of a choice Havana, and I recalled that he was truly one of the great "average." I had come to the right man. I had found the solution at once. There was no sense in looking further.

"Thanks," I said, starting to rise. "If getting back to work is the solution, I think I had better practice what you preach. There is no time like the present."

Smith looked at me wide-eyed. He wasn't sure what I meant.

"Sit down!" he said, decorating his command with a mild cuss-word. "I'm not busy. Things are temporarily shot to pieces around here, and about all we can do is wait. I'm not pessimistic, mind you! Things will right themselves before you know it. Always have, always well. Sit down! What's your hurry?"

This struck me as a decidedly strange way of "getting back to work." I noticed, too, that he was in the act of opening his mail and that possibly he wanted me out of his way so that he could dictate his morning replies, though I must say his stenographer looked pleased at my intrusion, for this gave her more time to read her novel. I remarked about the mail.

"No hurry about that," he assured me. "Tomorrow is Saturday, you know."

I was aware that Saturday was impending, but with many people having holidays more frequently than they desired, I asked for further enlightenment.

"What's the use sending letters to people on Saturdays?" he asked. "Nobody answers them."

"But I thought the golf season was over," I argued.

Smith laughed. "I don't know why it is, but everybody puts their mail off till Monday. And then they're so busy they hardly ever get around to answering until Tuesday. If I mail my stuff on Saturday the answers come just as promptly; sometimes I get more attention. It's a bad situation."

"It is!" I agreed. "But can't you do something about it? For instance, why don't you use the wires a little more, or ask for some hurry-up service by adding something out of the ordinary to your mail."

"I wouldn't be in business two weeks," Smith came back. "They would regard me as some sort of fanatic. Of course, something ought to be done, you know, but—"

"But you're not willing to start it," I interrupted. He wasn't going to say that, but it is what he should have confessed. "How are you going to 'get back to work,'" I went on, "when you haven't even begun to conquer this 'let-it-slide-until-tomorrow' disease which helped bring about the conditions out of which we are so slowly pulling ourselves. It is really nothing more startling nor mysterious than the old-fashioned Southern hookworm, of which we have heard much, only it has become general—more's the pity."

"But not hopeless. There was a time when you did things punctually, and surprised yourself, once in a while, by doing them ahead of time. But now! Well, here is an example:

"A month or so ago a firm advised that they would send me a check within a few days. The check has only just arrived! The matter was finally closed, to be sure; but 'eventually' and by no means within the few days' limit, as promised. Business transactions the country over are being 'eventually' consummated in a similar manner; the time wasted in this procedure is appalling. The hookworm has made frightful inroads on the business life of America, all the way from Wall Street to San Francisco."

"The hookworm has come to live with us as a matter of course. He was invited to take the best chair in our business life during the recent prolonged period of large demand and 'good-enough' production. Our automobile salesmen got so used to yawning that we could expect our new car anytime within the next year or so that they

simply can't now get accustomed to selling a car all in one day, even though the dealers are busy looking around for places to warehouse the unsold models. Any kind of business used to laugh up its sleeve when orders came in requesting prompt delivery. There was no such thing. You know how it was in your own business. Everything was put off until tomorrow because, candidly, your mills couldn't be made to produce at a faster rate, unless someone tried to speed things up; and people like that were as rare as the men who answered telegrams promptly."

"Do you remember when the postal department was running a daily aero mail service between Washington and New York with a stop-over at Philadelphia? That was an excellent way of speeding up correspondence, but my interview with you at that time revealed an amazing discovery. You told me then that to have a letter delivered in New York the day it was mailed in Philadelphia was the last thing you or any other business man wanted. It was not according to good 1920 business. Hoyle to receive a letter the same day it was mailed. The result of this was that airplane mail service failed in these parts. You can blame your interest in the hookworm for that. The sooner the hookworm goes back where he belongs, the better it will be for all of us."

Smith rose from his chair as I did. After a moment's hesitation he turned to a cabinet and began running over a few of his letters on file.

"See this," he said, handing me a letter which he had chosen from the batch. "Here is a firm that finds it cannot carry out its custom of settling accounts on the fifth of the month, and writes a letter of apology stating that the matter will be settled on or before the tenth. This is the thirtieth of the month; there has been so settlement. What am I to think?"

"Procrastination," I replied. "Of course, I suppose they are pinched for ready cash, but why set a definite date for payment when they realize they cannot meet their obligations?"

"Perhaps they are trying to fool themselves into believing they are speeding up," my friend suggested.

Smith looked at his watch. I said nothing more. He had already turned to his stenographer. I had one or two things to do, too. So I said, "good day" and expressed the hope that he wouldn't be interrupted again, for it was evident he had already begun to dissolve partnership with the hookworm.

A Farmer Scientist, and the Last of the Scouts

The Columbus of the Microscope

DON'T say "piffle" when told that the most evanescent of nature's phenomena, the snowflake, constitutes the fairest sight in the wonderland of nature. For if man's eyesight were keener he would find in the snowflake more fascination than he now derives from gazing into the starry heavens. Such, at least, is the belief of Wilson Alwyn Bentley, who for thirty-five years has devoted himself to a scientific study of snowflakes, raindrops, dew, and clouds. In Jericho, Vermont, where he makes his home, he has been styled the "farmer scientist." He has developed his study to such an extent that today he is recognized as the world's foremost authority on snowflakes.

During the years Bentley has devoted to this work he has made 3,800 photomicrographs of snowflakes and found no two of them alike. It was he who first discovered the possibility of photographing and enlarging the snowflake a moment after it had dropped from a winter's cloud. He has found that the unique designs in his snowflake photomicrographs are not only world famous, but have become the theme of numerous writers and scientists, a source of delight to lecturers, and a medium of educational enjoyment to thousands of film fans.

Bentley never dreamed, when he began this seemingly unimportant study, of the great good his work would do. For twelve years he struggled on without recognition. All through the early years of his work he was hampered by want of means; he struggled to earn a livelihood for himself and his invalid mother and at the same time put enough aside to pay off a mortgage on his home and farm. But he won out. Persistence and intense love of his work have resulted in his success.

"I inherited my passionate love of nature," he said in speaking of his achievement in his novel field of science. "The microscope and the telescope were my playthings all through my adolescent years. I scanned the stars, the planets, the sun spots through my telescope. In searching the wonderland of science for objects worthy of microscopic study, the marvelous beauty of snowflakes attracted my attention. I determined to learn more of them, and so started to make a series of drawings of them."

"These drawings, of which about four hundred were made, proved unsatisfactory. Dry-plate photography seemed to afford a splendid medium, as it made the photographing of snowflakes possible. I persuaded my parents to buy me an apparatus consisting of an extension camera coupled to a microscope and capable of giving from eight to sixty diameters magnification (from 64 to 3600 times). Failure followed. Then I tried new methods, and at last clear, sharp images were obtained and I knew that I had obtained my first photomicrograph."

"The work of photographing snowflakes is more delicate than difficult. In photographing them the utmost haste must be used since once the crystals are separated from the mass they evaporate rapidly. The crystals are caught on a blackboard as they fall and are then removed to the glass slide of an observation microscope. Only a brief glimpse of them is possible, during which it is necessary to hold your breath. If suitable they are placed down on the glass slide with the aid of a feather, after which the slide is set on the stage of the microscope, centered, focused, and an exposure of from ten seconds to several minutes given, according to magnification and cloudiness."

"Although I have photo-



Wilson Alwyn Bentley, who for thirty-five years has been studying snowflakes, raindrops, dew and clouds as carefully as the astronomer studies the heavens. He claims that no two snowflakes are alike.

graphed more than 3850 of them, I have never yet found two alike. It seems as easy now to find new designs as when I started my work thirty-five years ago."

Bentley has converted the frailest of nature's products into a healthy bank account; he has made money out of the most intangible, evanescent object in the world—a snowflake.

G. William Service.

"Idaho Bill" and the Broncho Business

FOR every cowboy gathering or "Wild West" show there must be broncos. Maybe you call 'em "bronchos," but the original word is the Spanish *bronco*, meaning "wild." The term is usually used, even in the original Spanish, to name a wild or unbroken horse, so that in the cow country any horse that bucks is a broncho.

At any rate the brone, or broncho is a very necessary performer at all of the annual Roundups, Reunions, Fiestas, etc., where cowboys gather, whether it be at Pendleton, Oregon; Cheyenne, Wyoming; Salinas, California; San Antonio, Texas; Las Vegas or Tucumcari.



Here is a man who meets with comparatively little business competition. He is Col. R. B. Pearson—"Idaho Bill"—who specializes in the raising of bad bronchos, in great demand wherever cowboys gather for a celebration.

New Mexico; or even New York City. Time was in the West when every big ranch had enough unbroken horses loose on its range to supply half a dozen cowboy shows. All that was necessary was to round them up and drive in a string of twenty or thirty animals and start the contests. This is no longer possible because it is not profitable. The ranges are nearly all fenced, and no cattleman can afford to waste good pasturage and time on a lot of unridable ponies. Only a sufficient number to keep the ranch supplied with good young mounts is maintained, and so a gap was made in the supply of broncho strings for the yearly contests throughout the West.

Into this gap stepped a handful of old-timers with a new proposition: To maintain a string of proven *bad* bronchos and then rent them at reasonable rates to the various cowboys' associations. Chief among these broncho business men of the West is "Idaho Bill," whose real name is neither "Idaho" nor "Bill," but Col. R. B. Pearson.

Colonel Pearson was born at Hastings, Nebraska. As a boy he drifted West into Idaho and there, although only in his teens, served as a scout with Buffalo Bill, Capt. Jack Crawford, and others of the famous old Indian hunters. Though not of their age, Pearson had the caliber of a real frontiersman and gained for himself the nickname "Idaho Bill."

Nowadays he is a familiar figure wherever the old West spirit survives in cowboy sports; the buckskin costume and long hair, which he wears in memory of the old Scout custom, give a touch of the romantic to frontier parades wherever he rides.

"Idaho Bill" maintains a string of about forty of the hardest bucking bronchos he can find on the ranges. If some ranchman finds that he has a real "bad one" in his herd, "Idaho" manages to hear of it and buy the beast. And if, after a time, some of "Idaho's" wild ones show symptoms of becoming too tame, they are sold *pronto!* When not performing at some Reunion the bronchos are kept fat and wild in a big pasture up on the Snake River, and they are never handled except when being loaded into cars for shipment.

For from \$600 to \$1000 "Idaho" furnishes a string of twenty-five to thirty good-sized, husky broncs for three or four days, and guarantees them to buck.

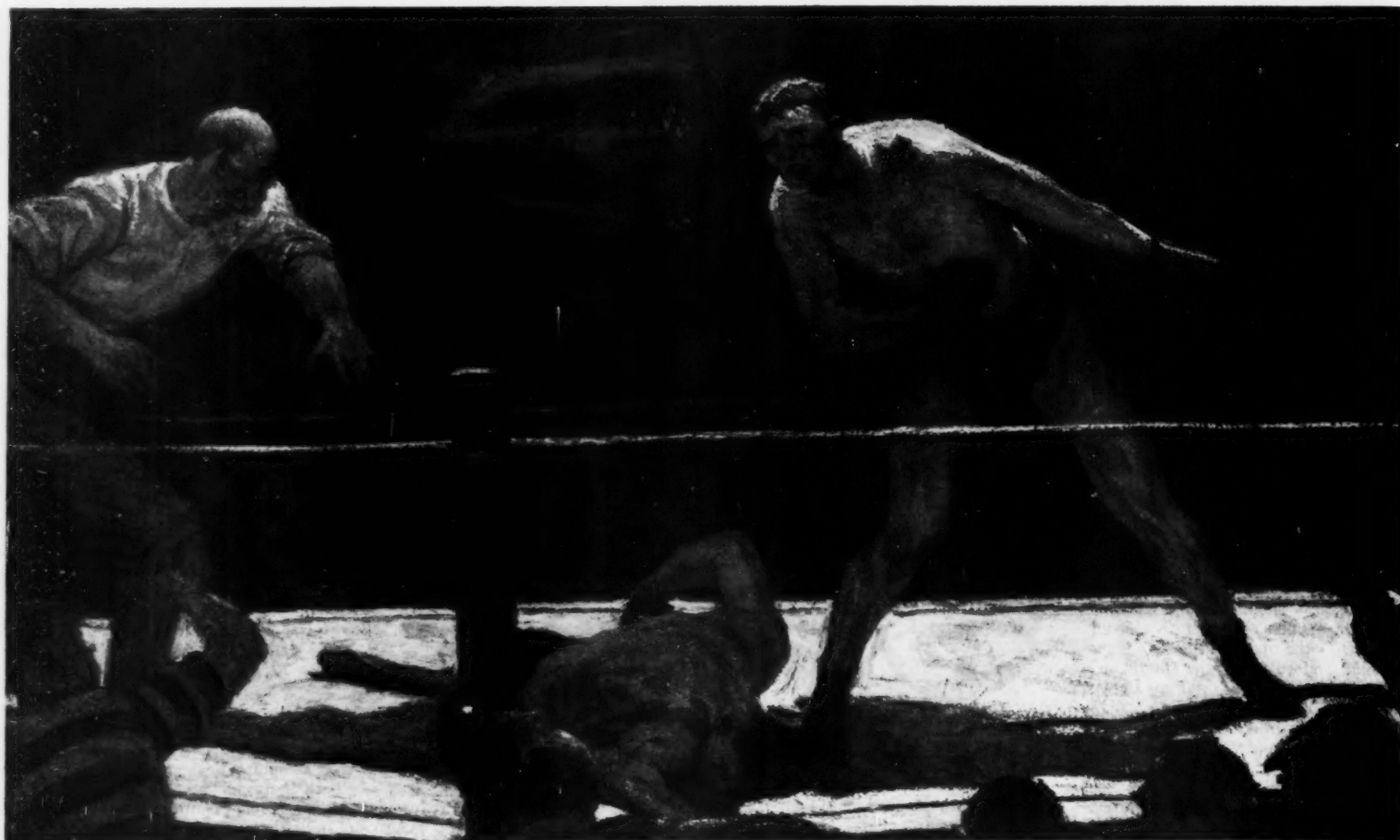
Roping and saddling a wild horse is not in itself gentle treatment, but no unnecessary abuse of the horses is allowed. "Idaho" himself oversees it all, and his power over even the wildest broncs in his string is remarkable.

The names of bronchos as they appear on the programs are often interesting and sometimes typical of the horse's own personal style of bucking, as for instance: "Rocking Chair," "U'Boat," "Tango," and the famous "Death Valley." Many of them are named for celebrities. "Kaiser Bill," "Pershing," and "Harding" are among "Idaho's" string.

Last summer at Las Vegas a well-known rider had the honor of mounting and sticking with his own namesake. The announcement was: "Thad Pippin on Thad Pippin."

"Is there money in the business?" I asked Colonel Pearson. "Not much," he said. "But it helps to keep alive the old spirit of the West, when a man's day didn't start right unless his horse gave him a nice after-breakfast shake-up. Plain ranching is too confining these days, too much fence and too few good riders and bad horses. Then this business gives me a chance to see my old friends all over the West once a year or more, and there's some satisfaction in being welcome wherever there's a chuck wagon and a few punchers. I just naturally love a real buckin' broncho anyway, and so I manage to keep a few."

S. Omar Barker.



Those closest to the ringside saw the big fellow's face twitch in an agony of sudden pain. Then, wilting, he toppled and flopped face downward.

"Take 'Em Off!"

By CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING

Author of "His Soul on the Screen," "Clay Idols," "The Hand of the Diligent," etc.

Illustration by HAROLD LUND

A YELLOW face grinning vengefully in a glare of yellow light at a brutal murder—"That is the picture that the prosecuting attorney painted of Dr. Chang at the trial. "Every other face around was white with horror," the prosecutor declaimed, "but this man—" shaking his finger menacingly at the little Chinaman—"this disgrace to the profession of the physician looked on and laughed. You, gentlemen of the jury, have heard what the witnesses say. The prisoner himself enters no denial. I call upon you, gentlemen, to do your duty and find the defendant guilty, an accessory to the crime of manslaughter."

And Dr. Chang nodded his head, as if in agreement. So they convicted the little doctor. They shipped him up the river in irons. His professional colleagues disowned him. He was broken and disgraced.

Throughout the trial and afterward the doctor bore himself stoically, like a true Ming nobleman. To the end he kept mum about his motives. He was guilty, he said—what more did they want to know?

But the impulses he obeyed are just what might interest some of us the most. In the light of those motives he might not appear so sinister a character as the prosecution chose to paint him. We who used to know Dr. Chang in the old days continue, in spite of the verdict of the court, to regard him as an honorable gentleman. We are seeking ways to reopen the case, for though he drops not a hint in his own defense, we are convinced that he could say much if he chose.

On the face of the evidence brought out at the trial he cunningly abetted a manslaughter, with revenge for an insult as his only motive. But certain other tokens—particularly that calling-card I ran across last week—indicate that he may have acted upon a rash Quixotic impulse in behalf of a man he cherished as a friend and for the sake of an unhappy girl. I believe he adored that girl; that he was the first frequenter of Calvin's Stadium to fall in love with Chloe Tracey and that he never quite got over the madness of it. My con-

viction is that he impulsively and needlessly sacrificed himself.

I think back, in declaring this, to the days so much more pleasant to view than the present, when the little Chinese doctor first met Chloe Tracey and was first fascinated by her smile and the soft languor of her Kentucky drawl.

Every bright summer afternoon from three to four o'clock, Dr. Chang and another yellow-skinned medico who worked with him in a hospital somewhere in that far western hinterland that lies between the Ninth Avenue elevated and the Hudson, were wont in those days to wage battles of skill and cunning on tennis court No. 2 of Calvin's Stadium. Always on No. 2, and always at the same hour.

After that, every day at 4:10, Dr. Chang made it his practice—at least, until Battling Silas arrived on the scene later in the summer and cut him out—to adjourn from the dressing-rooms of the Stadium to the soda fountain next door, there to banter with Chloe Tracey in his pigeon English. Chloe, of course, returned his persiflage in kind, as a soda clerk must, but never a whit of his tendered affection. On this point it is only fair to state that quite aside from all possible problems involved in mixed marriages, the doctor had none of the attractive physical features of the Asiatic matinee idol of the movies whom New York school girls worship as one of their heroes. Dr. Chang is one of the littlest of men; he wears thick-rimmed spectacles that add nothing to his facial beauty, and two of his front teeth are missing.

But before we go much further you ought to know something about what Calvin's Stadium is like.

A movie camera shooting from a rooftop across the street would reveal it best in panorama—as a little oasis of open-air amusement in a Manhattan Island vacant lot, surrounded by three-story billboards and the side wall of a Times Square skyscraper.

Then, for some closer views of the several activities of the place, we should "shoot" first the four lively tennis courts where certain uptown business and professional

men regularly steal an hour or two of exercise on sunny afternoons while their employees suppose them to be down in Wall Street drumming up new trade. A twenty-story hotel serves as the west backstop of these courts. So our camera man should be instructed to "tilt" his lens slowly up the side of this sheer precipice of brick and end the scene with a snappy caption to the effect that even Babe Ruth couldn't knock the ball out of such a lot as this.

Next, let him set up for another "location" at the end of a strip of cement-floored handball courts which always are thronged with perspiring fat men in heavy woolen bathing suits, training desperately to reduce their waistlines to something like normalcy.

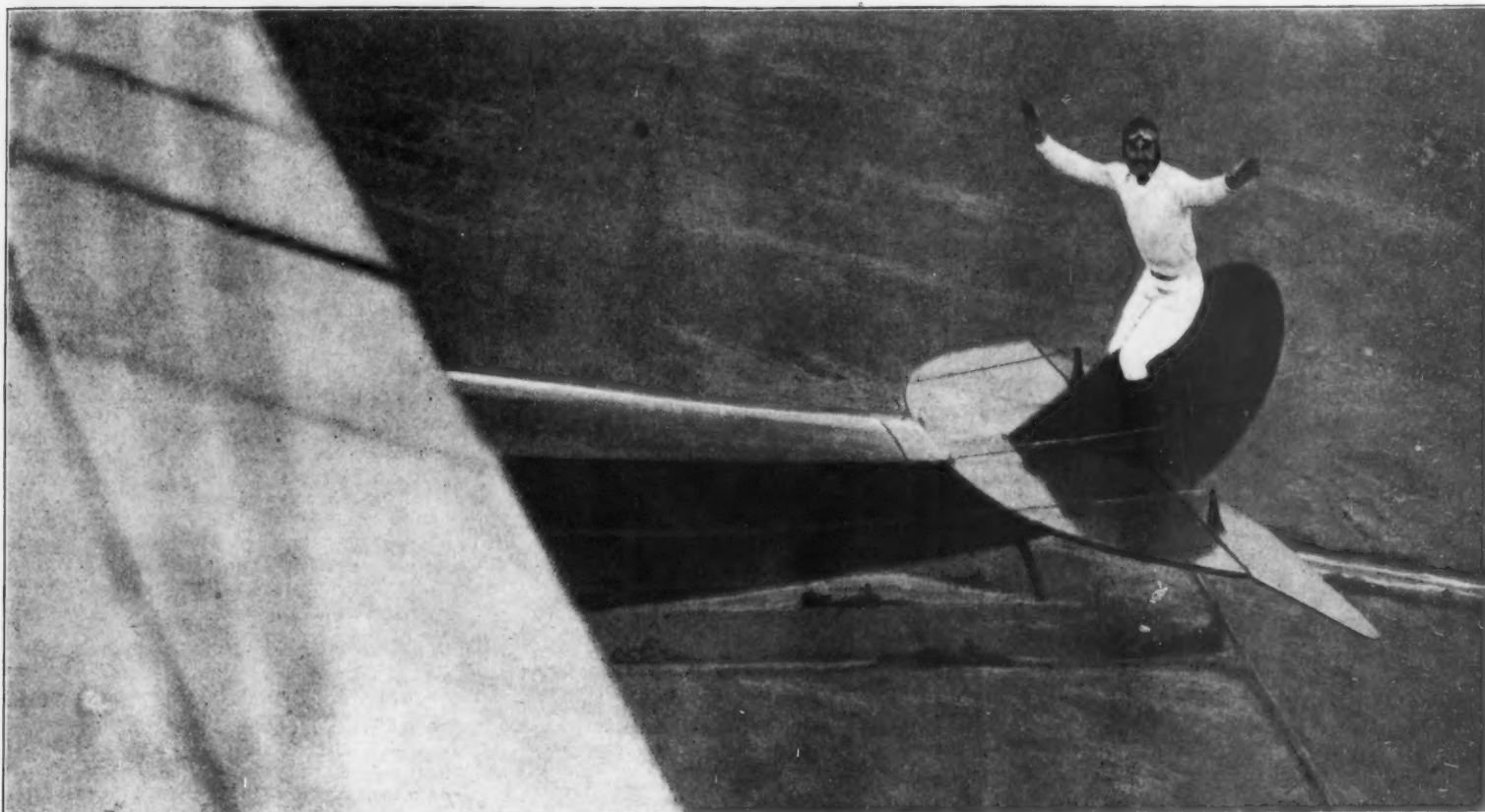
Then, from the top of the little one-story brick cube which serves as the Stadium's business offices and dressing rooms, the camera should be trained upon the backs of three tiers of wooden benches that front a little stage, the big white screen of an airdome movie stadium and a piano covered with a dusty tarpaulin.

For the Calvin Stadium is a three-in-one institution. The canny Scotchman who is its proprietor makes every inch of its area count to bring him in some sort of revenue. Even the surrounding fence is made to do its bit by being run up as high as the law will allow and plastered all over with remunerative billboards. No man before the time of Calvin ever made a so-called "vacant" lot pay so large a return upon a meager investment.

TO understand this situation is important, for our story is concerned first of all with a matter of business efficiency. The man who was the innocent instigator of a series of events that culminated in grim tragedy, was an efficiency expert, Burr Harrington of Wall Street. His was the idea that eventually hurled Silas Woodbury and Mike Grogan into battle over Chloe. It was he who first suggested to the canny lessee of a much-improved "vacant" lot that the ground therein enclosed might be even further intensively cultivated.

(Continued on page 806)

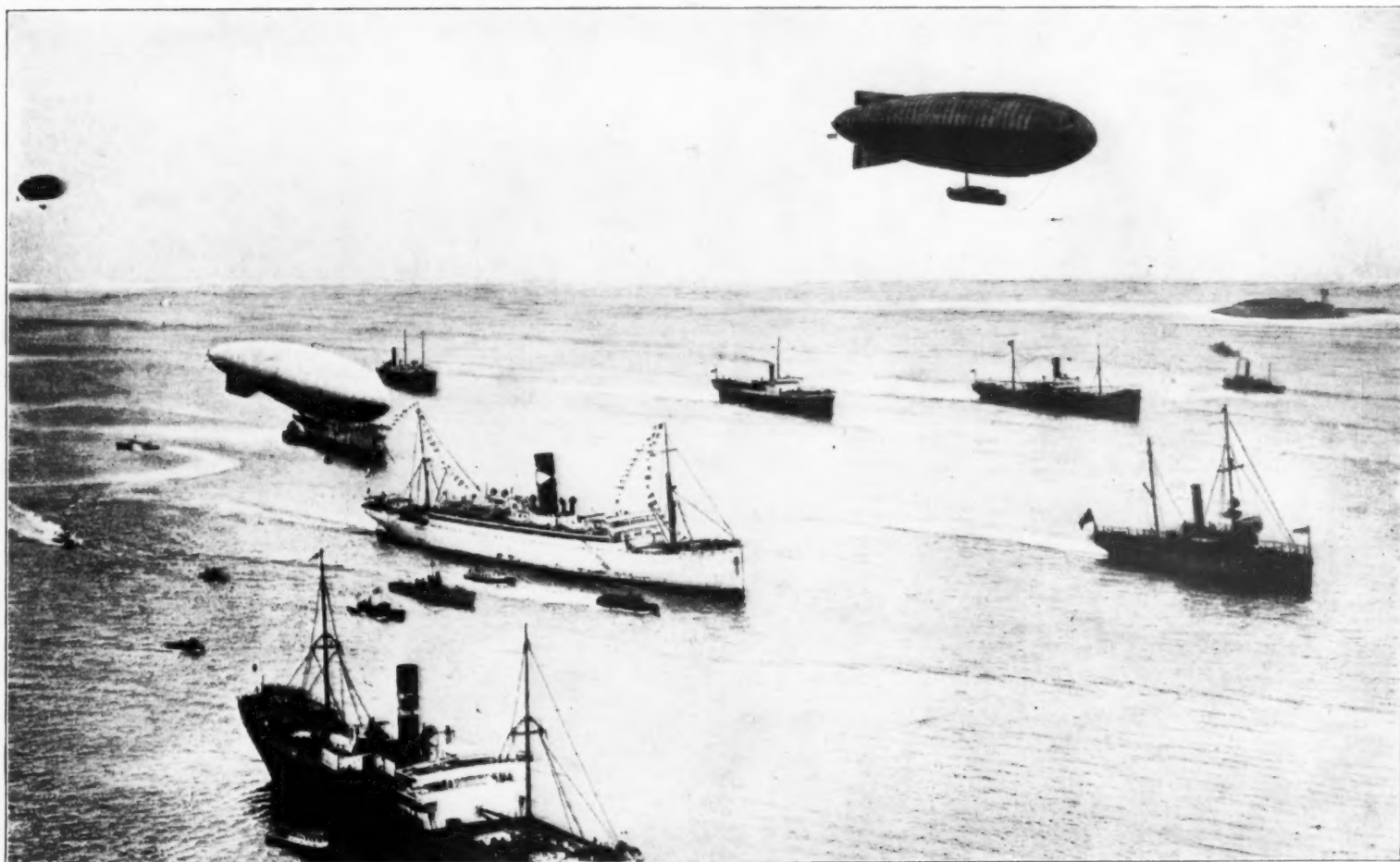
PICTORIAL DIGEST OF THE WORLD'S NEWS



An "Unconventional Portrait" of One of the Men Higher Up

HAVING performed a number of hair-raising stunts upon the "wings" of his airplane, Al Wilson takes a little rest! Just what his emotions are as he stands nonchalantly upon his fragile perch is problematical. However at least three things are certain: he has implicit trust in his pilot; he knows

that his strong little aircraft will stand all tests; and he isn't afraid. Wilson began his flying career in 1913. His commercial work he began in 1915. His working force consists of three pilots—Clark, Timms and Goldworthy; and he usually requires two airplanes as the stage settings for his performances.



Virginia Greets the Man Who Will Be President

THE steamship *Pastores*, bearing President-elect Harding and his party, passes up Hampton Roads en route to her dock at Newport News at the end of the long voyage from Panama. Down below scores of naval vessels gave the distinguished visitor a noisy welcome, while above various Army and

Navy aircraft acted as escort. Before leaving for Washington Senator Harding declared himself unequivocally for "the biggest navy afloat," and he urged the further upbuilding of an American merchant marine. "I want to acclaim the day," he said, "when America is the most eminent of the maritime nations."

Pictorial Digest of the World's News



What Will Italy Do with Him?

HAVING issued his daily defiance to the world in general, and Italy and Jugo-Slavia in particular, Gabriele d'Annunzio forgets cares of state long enough to play at bowling. The famous poet-soldier was not at all pleased by the "settlement" of the Fiume question. He still holds Fiume and dares Italy to do her worst.



U. S. NAVY PHOTO FROM KADEL & HERBERT

Fun for Our Naval Experts

IN order to discover the exact effect of modern explosives upon armored vessels, our naval experts recently tried some intensely interesting experiments with the battleship *Indiana*. Bombs of the very latest design—similar to those dropped by airplane—were placed in various vital portions of the fine old ship and detonated. Here we see one of them exploding. Needless to say, the fighting ship was soon a sadly battered wreck. The *Indiana* cost \$5,799,374. She was commissioned on November 20, 1895. The new super-dreadnought, which will bear the same name and which is now under construction, will cost about \$22,000,000.



A Woman for Harding's Cabinet

IF Washington gossip is to be credited the Cabinet of President Harding is to include a woman. According to the reports, the post of Secretary of Education is to be created, and Mrs. Harriet Taylor Upton, of Warren, Ohio, is to occupy it. Mrs. Taylor, whose most recent portrait this is, has been prominent since 1890.



She Weighs 725 Pounds!

THE large lady who looms up rather prominently on the other side of the page no doubt thinks she is a heavyweight. However, she is a bit outclassed by the happy little bride shown here. The former tips the scales at a mere 685 pounds; the latter boasts of 725! This picture was taken shortly after the 725-pounder had become the better half of John H. Hamilton in Los Angeles. Mrs. Hamilton outweighs her husband by 570 pounds. Compared with her, Mr. Jack Dempsey, the heavyweight boxing champion of the world, is a pygmy.



UNDERWOOD

Sixty-Two were Saved in this Way

A MEMBER of the crew of the U. S. mine sweeper *Swan*, which went ashore near Plymouth, Massachusetts, being rescued

in a breeches buoy by life savers. The sixty-two members of the crew were all taken off the unfortunate vessel in the same manner.

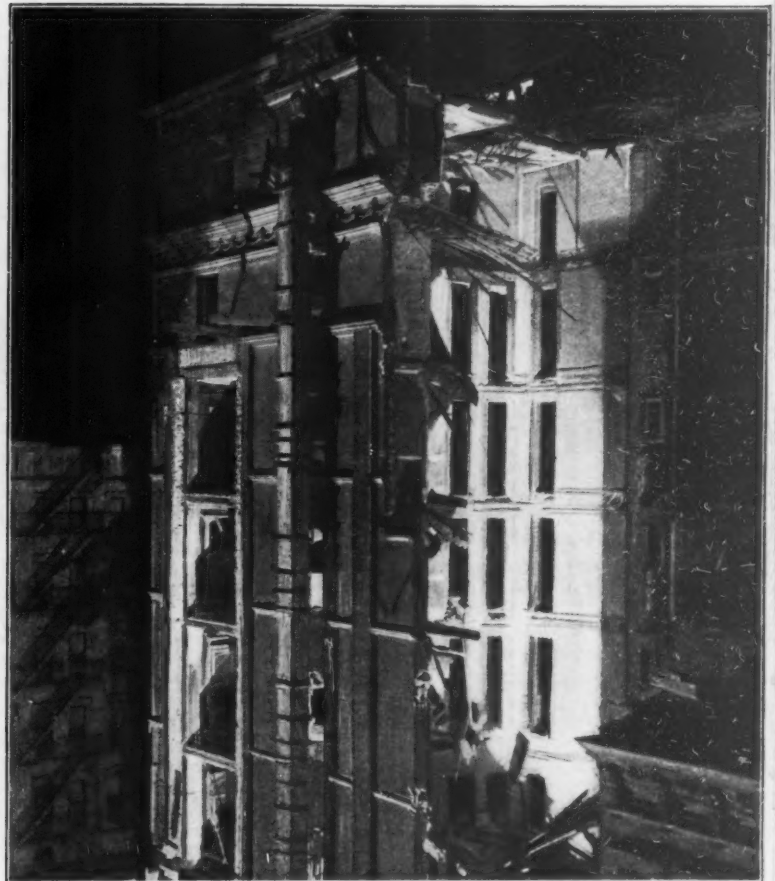


KEYSTONE

Philadelphia's Fattest

IN conservative Philadelphia, where this picture was snapped, they boast that they have found the "fattest woman in the United States." They have not. The caption opposite this one robs the inhabitants of the Pennsylvania metropolis of this honor. However, "Jolly Trixie," who is shown here with John S. Bones, her fiancé, is by no means a featherweight. Her 685 pounds entitle her to high rank in heavyweight circles. Mr. Bones, known as "Slats," is six feet and three inches in height. He weighs exactly fifty-eight pounds.

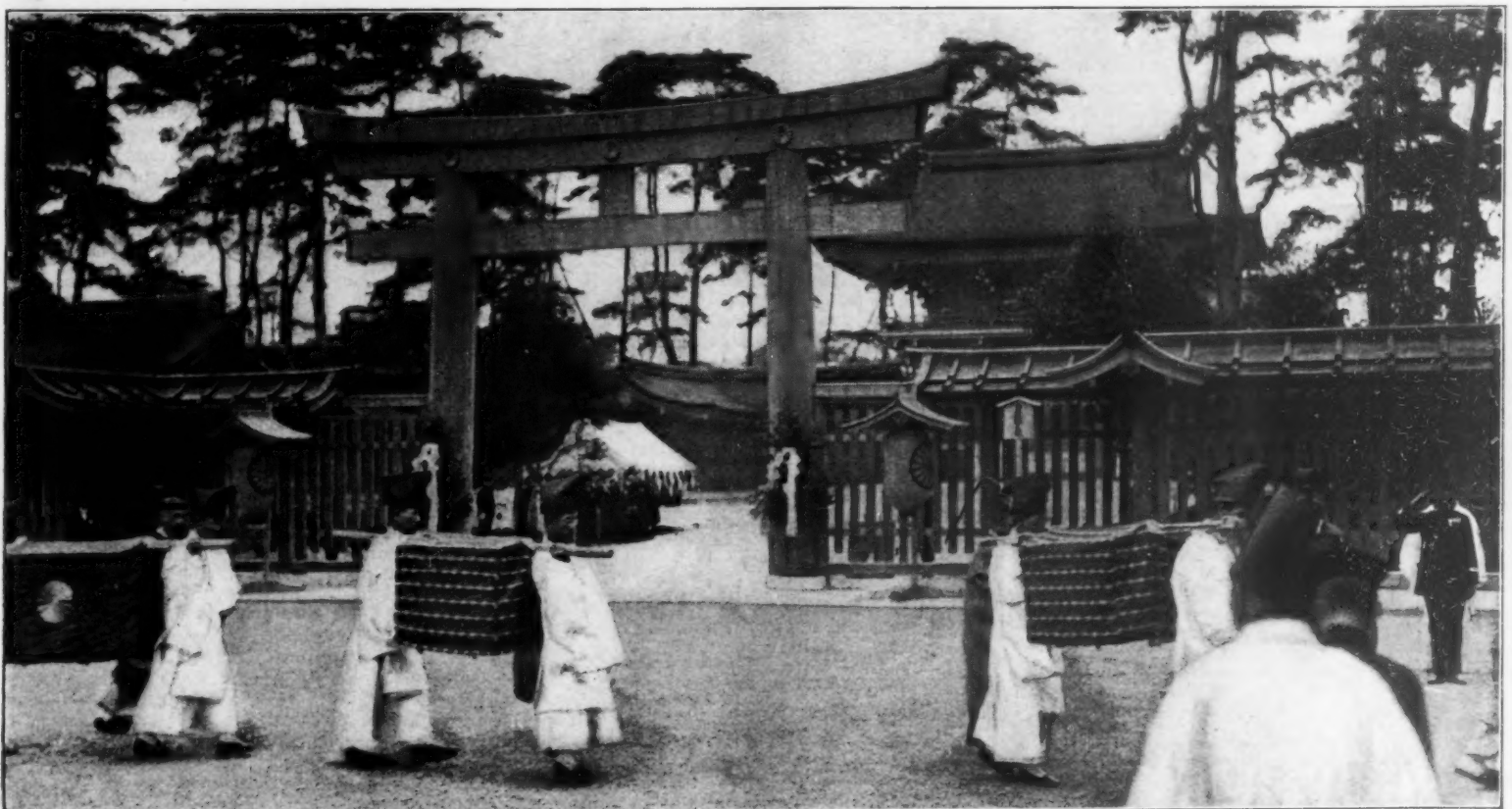
The Camera's Record of Notable Events



A Terrible Warning to Housewreckers and Builders of America

HOW many people were killed when the building shown here collapsed near the heart of New York's "Great White Way" is still, at this writing, problematical. Three bodies have already been removed from the ruins, and the firemen are digging for others. The edifice—the Strathmore apartment

house, at the corner of 52nd Street and Broadway—fell while it was being transformed into an office building. New York's Chief Inspector of Buildings says that such accidents usually occur within half an hour of quitting time, and are due to the pushing aside of quantities of material for the next day.



Another Wonder of the World Is Dedicated in Beautiful Japan

THE dedicatory ceremonies at the Meiji Shrine, in Japan, a memorial to the Emperor and Empress Meiji, upon which one thousand two hundred men labored for four years, and which cost the Japanese Government \$2,600,000. It is said to be the most pretentious Far Eastern architectural achievement.

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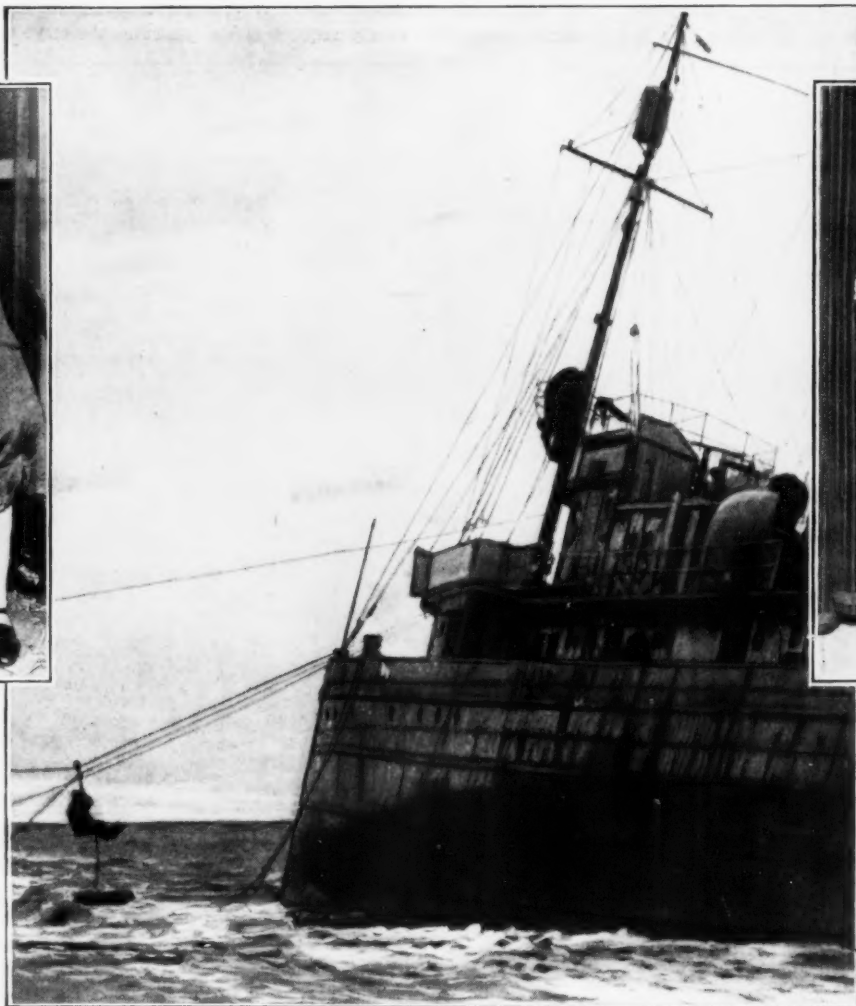
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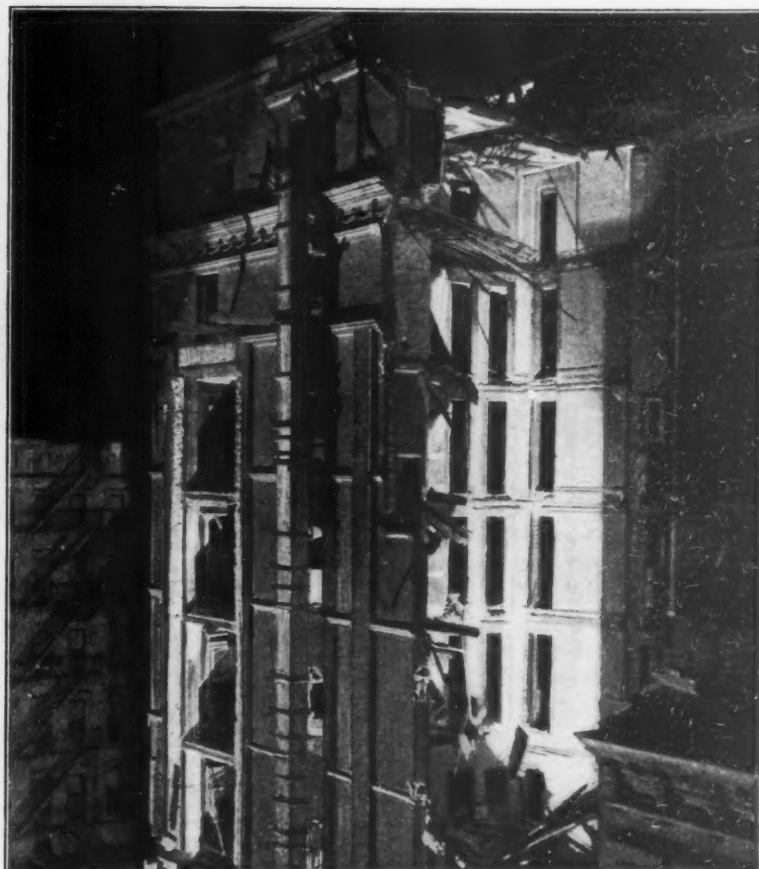
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Dr. Charles Aubrey Eaton
Editor of Leslie's Weekly

Dr. Eaton's Page

Buck Up, Everybody!

THE one great fact that every American ought to think and talk about today is the essential economic soundness of our country. Panics are produced by panic talk. Prosperity cannot be created by conversation, neither can it be brought about under psychological conditions of doubt and timidity.

The facts of the present situation are open to all. We are undergoing the necessary process of deflation following the abnormal condition of war. War prices must come down to peace levels. War activities with their feverish haste and waste and unequal emphasis must give way to peace activities keyed to permanent laws and conditions and not designed to meet a temporary urgent danger. It is the difference between spring house-cleaning and an attempt to salvage furniture from a fire. War is fever. Peace is health. War is a tornado, or drought. Peace is a climate in which things grow and mature to harvest. During the war our chief social instrument was fighting. For fighting we must now substitute work; for spending, thrift; for destruction and waste, construction and conservation.

This general process of deflation affects all persons and institutions but at different times in different ways and with unequal pressure. The speculator has been put out of business. He could not get the money to carry on. The manufacturer was hit first and hit hard. He had to slow down or shut down. The wholesaler was next in line, and he has been taking his medicine like a man. The farmer, who is manufacturer and distributor combined, is probably the hardest hit of all, for he has, as a class, no adequate banking support. Railroads and other public utilities, desperately in need of new financing after a long period of artificial starvation, are fighting with their backs to the wall. And last, but by no means least, the wage worker, who has been living in a fool's paradise of artificial prosperity, is coming down to earth.

This is a process that ought to take time, but it is speeding up in all directions, and the only danger lies in its speed. Try to gallop a horse down a rough hillside and he and his rider may break their necks. Work him down carefully a step at a time and he will usually make it in safety with rider and horse none the worse for the experience, perhaps improved by it.

THE big factor in the situation is the essential economic, social and political soundness of our country. The wealth is here and cannot fly away. The resources are here and will stay here waiting development. Our democratic system of government is backed by a wonderful moral and mental poise among a majority of our citizens. There are plenty of big men who are able to direct the affairs of the nation in a wise and just spirit. Just now we are tearing down a lot of temporary buildings and blowing holes in the ground for new foundations. Soon we shall be ready for the new building, and when that time comes we shall see a prosperity beyond anything in our history.

Meanwhile every one must take himself in hand and keep right on keeping on. The man who can hang on the longest is the man who wins his fight. Many of our troubles never happen. Many of our burdens are un-

necessary and often imaginary. The United States is the best off of any nation in the world. If we will put the same, or even a fraction of the same, co-operation, courage and confidence into the task of readjustment that we put into the war, we shall be out of the woods in a short time and better off than ever.

Thousands of men are facing their heartbreaking burdens like heroes. All honor to them. They are the soldiers of peace. Let us catch their spirit and emulate their example. Everybody buck up and fight. Fight mostly against the temptation to lose your nerve. If you want to see a panic, raise a rotten old board out on the dump and watch the worms and bugs. Panics are normal to beasts and bugs, but not to men.

Already we have probably turned the corner. Now is the time to stand together; to postpone selfishness; to throttle greed. "All at it and always at it" will bring us all to the best times we have ever had. We must help every man and every institution that is worthy of help for only in that way shall we help ourselves.

America is all right. So are Americans. Let no one mistake the pains of progress for symptoms of disease and decay.

The Truth About Booze

MR. GEORGE F. SNYDER, of Washington, New Jersey, writes that a recent article in LESLIE'S "reads like Wet Propaganda."

He says further that "The men who are violating the law cannot be classed as good citizens." And he exhorts us to "tell the truth, the whole truth, and then we will not question your sincerity."

I like that letter. It sounds as if Mr. Snyder knows the difference between right and wrong and is himself accustomed to telling the truth from sincere motives. I wish, however, that he would vaccinate himself against the bug of unjust suspicion so that he won't be tempted to think that anyone who says anything contrary to his beliefs is paid for saying it and would say something else if the pay for saying this something else were only big enough.

Let Mr. Snyder, and every one who thinks as he does, be assured that LESLIE'S has never printed a word of

"Wet Propaganda" in its history, and never will. There is no interest, party or individual that can buy a line of editorial space in LESLIE'S for any purpose. We have only one client—our country. We have only one purpose, to help make our country the best in the world.

I agree with Mr. Snyder that men who violate the prohibition or any other law are to that extent not good citizens. And it is a danger to our nation when one class of men can violate a law solely because they have money.

Prohibition is the fundamental law of the land. It is the duty of every good citizen to obey the law. If he believes the law to be unjust, it is his right to educate a majority of his fellow citizens to his way of thinking and then by vote of the majority to change the law.

Murder in Mexico

THE following letter raises a question to which every good American ought to give attention:

"The next time you write an editorial about Mexico, please don't forget to mention that there are more Americans murdered in the U. S. A. in one week than in Mexico in a whole year, and also that New York, Chicago and Philadelphia are the worst murder cities in the world.

"Hoping you will have the courage to speak the truth." The gentleman did not have the courage to sign his name or even give his address. Perhaps this is why he only "hopes" that we shall have the courage to speak the truth. But let that pass. The real question before the meeting is "Murders of Americans in Mexico and Murders of Americans in the United States."

I acknowledge with shame and sorrow that murder is a common crime in this country, and one of its causes, among many, is the ability of the criminal to tangle himself up in a maze of legal technicalities until it is often years before punishment overtakes him.

Another cause is the mushy sentimentality which befuddles so many of our people, that we lack the nerve either to enforce capital punishment or to abolish it.

The chief cause of violence and lawlessness is to be found in our racial diversity, the strenuousness, complexity and materialism of our civilization, our growing indifference to moral obligations and the lack of real man-building education in home, school, press, theater and church. The violence practiced openly and every day in financial, commercial and industrial war creates a climate of violence which inflames the homicidal instincts of degenerate individuals.

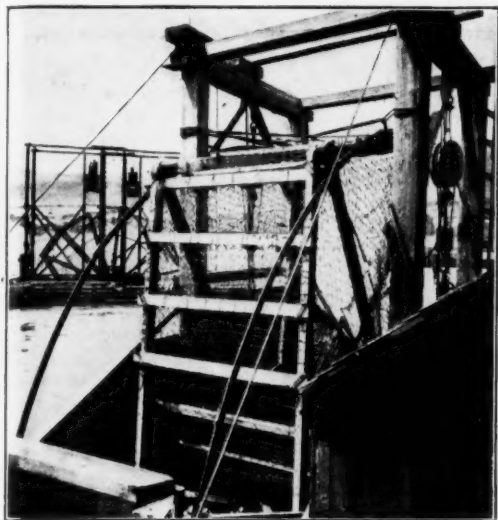
The murder of an American citizen in Mexico, who is there lawfully, is first a crime against him and second a crime against his government under whose protection he goes abroad. If the Mexican Government aids or shields the murderer, it becomes the chief criminal in the case. And the American Government must deal not only with the individual murderer but also with the government whose agent or ally he has become in the murder.

There can be no absolute guarantee of life to any man by any government at home or abroad. But unless every government does its best to protect its citizens and all others within its borders from crimes of violence, it has failed in one of its most primary functions and, to the extent of this failure, must be held responsible.

The World's Great Need

THE end toward which civilization moves is the making of men. And this is one result which can be reached only by processes of life. Machine-made men are like machine-made dolls—poor imitations of the real thing. The great need of the world today is the liberation of new, vital, man-building energies in and by a universal spiritual awakening.

Out of the Salmon Net into the Canning Factory



Business Is Business, Not Sport

Salmon are caught on their way upstream. Fish-wheels are set in the river, revolving with the current, and carrying buckets that scoop the fish.



The Moon and Industry

The river is the Yukon. When "the silver horde" start their run, this salmon trap will snare thousands for the Alaskan canneries.



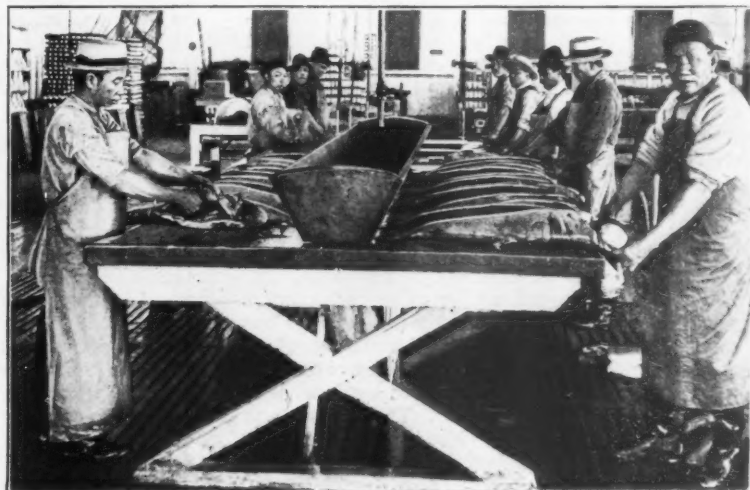
The Net Result in Oregon

Columbia River fishermen size up a catch. The salmon industry proves the adage. There are just as good fish in the sea as ever were caught.



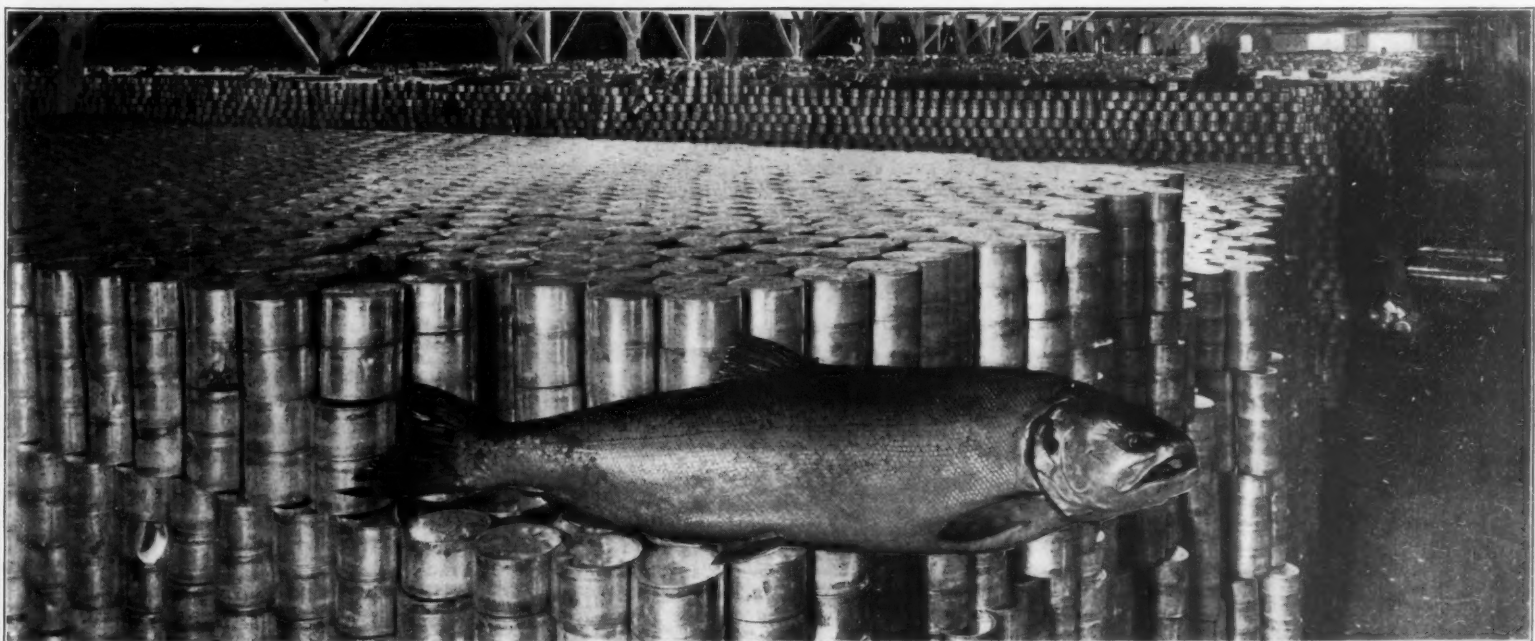
Some Columbia River Salmon Take Their Final Swim

The quinnat or Chinook salmon, from its great size and abundance, is more valuable than all the fishes on the Pacific coast, outside of Alaska, taken together. The quinnat salmon has an average weight of twenty-two pounds.



All Salmon-Cleaning Records Are Held by John Chinaman

The work of cleaning salmon is done chiefly by Chinese, who have "both speed and control." In canning, the flesh of the salmon is boiled, placed in tins, and hermetically sealed, after which the cans are heated under pressure.



Of the World's Annual Output of Salmon, Ninety-Five Per Cent Is Prepared on the American Continent

Such a photograph as this might be offered as evidence that man lives to eat. Likewise, that he does not live by bread alone, for here are over a million cans of salmon. The market value of the entire salmon catch on the west coast of

the United States, including Alaska, has reached \$20,000,000 yearly, and this vast amount is represented mostly by two species, the Chinook and the blue-back. The annual catch of salmon in Puget Sound has reached \$4,000,000.

EDITORIAL

JOHN A. SLEICHER
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

CHARLES AUBREY EATON
EDITOR



PERRITON MAXWELL
EDITORIAL DIRECTOR

JAMES N. YOUNG
MANAGING EDITOR

FOR AMERICAN PROGRESS, AMERICAN IDEALS, AMERICAN SUPREMACY

America Is Not a Dump for Europe

FOR many months LESLIE's has been urging upon our lawmakers and the public generally the gravity and danger of the immigration question. It is therefore with profound relief that we learn of the proposed legislation now being considered by committees both of the Senate and House. Even if the measures shall fall short of a solution of the problem, they will arouse and educate public opinion upon the most serious menace to our citizenship since the Civil War.

One of the proposals now before the House Committee is to prohibit all immigration for a period of years except that of blood relatives of native or naturalized American citizens, and to subject those coming in to rigid health and economic tests.

While this is drastic and open to objections it would doubtless be a good thing not only for our country but also for the European countries which need their workers to repair the wreckage of the war.

We are entering upon a more or less prolonged period of economic readjustment. There is bound to be unemployment. We owe it to our own workers to save them from an inundation of cheap labor when there are not jobs enough for those already here.

There is an acute shortage of houses for city dwellers. It would aggravate this condition to dump millions of strangers into cities where already decent people find it hard to get a roof over their heads.

Eighty-seven per cent. of our immigrants come through the Port of New York. Commissioner Wallis warns us that he cannot care for those coming now, let alone the multitudes waiting their chance on the other side. It is reported that fifteen millions are on the move towards America.

Ideas cannot be chained. They travel over land and sea regardless of all attempts to keep them back. But we can and must keep out of our country all persons who will become active agents for the spread of un-American ideas as soon as they arrive here.

PROHIBITION of immigration would amount to a social moratorium. It would give us a breathing space in which we could study the whole question, perfect a permanent policy, and build up machinery equal to the need.

We must put good men and women in Europe to handpick future immigrants before they leave their homes. We must take away from steamship and other private corporations all control over the volume of immigration. We must perfect machinery here for wide and sane distribution of incoming peoples where and when they may be needed. And we must give the immigrant a fair chance by educating him, advising him and guarding him from parasites and crooks until he is in shape to take care of himself.

America recognizes and is glad to acknowledge her debt to the immigrant. But we must not forget that the migrations of the past were caused by normal motives. It did not injure European countries to be relieved of their surplus population; and

it was a benefit to America to receive workers to man the industries, and farmers to fill up the empty lands. Today the case is different. It will injure European countries to lose their best workers. And America does not need them in any large numbers.

As for the mentally unbalanced, the physically unfit, the vicious and revolutionary in European countries, if it is our duty to take care of them, let us do it in Europe, not here.

The Irish Question

IN the opinion of LESLIE's, there is not and cannot be an Irish question in the United States. Disputes between factions in Ireland or between Ireland and Great Britain are purely domestic to the British Empire, and in them neither the Government of the United States nor any loyal Americans have the right to interfere. It follows, therefore, that riotous anti-British demonstrations by hyphenated Americans, such as have occurred in New York City on two occasions recently, are wholly out of place. American citizens or subjects of foreign countries resident here have the right to display foreign flags of friendly nations, provided they are subordinated to Old Glory. Great Britain is a friendly nation and it is legal and permissible to fly the Union Jack here. Persons who resort to force to prevent such displays thereby become law-breakers.

The question of what form of government Ireland shall have, being purely internal to the British Empire, must be settled there. If it is to be decided by a resort to arms, the fighting must be done within the British Empire; not here. Any resort to force by either side within the United States is not war, but disorderly conduct, to be dealt with by police and magistrates in the ordinary way.

Let good Americans interest themselves in good Americanism, allowing foreign countries to settle their own squabbles; and let the hyphenates know, beyond a doubt, that this is our settled policy.

America's Princely Givers

IT is to the credit of our captains of industry as a class that they know not only how to make money, but have also the art of distributing it where it will do most good. The principle back of Mr. Rockefeller's many gifts is that we should be as "careful with the money we would spend for the benefit of others as if we were laying it aside for our own family's future use." Mr. Rockefeller's recent addition of nearly sixty-four millions to carry on the benefactions begun by his wife brings the total of the Rockefeller gifts up to \$475,000,000. This exceeds the princely benefactions of the late Andrew Carnegie by more than one hundred million dollars. Add to these the gift and legacies of the late H. C. Frick and there is presented an imposing list beyond duplication in any other country or any other period. There are, however, multitudes of smaller benefactions deserving equal praise, because given in the

same spirit and carrying on similar constructive work for the good of mankind. Such an instance is the gift of Mr. and Mrs. August Heckscher of a Fifth Avenue block front to the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. This gift of \$3,000,000 will provide for the erection of suitable buildings, an endowment to yield \$60,000 a year, and will enable the Society greatly to enlarge its work.

Prohibition Enforcement

IN the issue of November 27th LESLIE's contained an article by John Anderson Palmer on "The Collapse of Prohibition." We have received a number of letters suggesting that the publication of this article indicates that LESLIE's has joined the ranks of the wets.

We think it due to ourselves and to these friends of ours to say that the article in question was published for exactly the opposite reason.

LESLIE's believes in and stands for the full and fair enforcement of all laws. Prohibition is a part of the Constitution of the United States. There is a statute law enacted for the enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment. That law is not being enforced either fully or fairly. We want to see it enforced. If it cannot be enforced we want to see substituted for it a law that is enforceable.

We have by the article in question called attention to the situation as it exists in certain parts of our country. We shall be glad to publish an authoritative statement showing the other side of the case.

We believe that, on the whole, prohibition will be a good thing for the country. But we do not think it safe, wise, or just that one section or class or individual be permitted the free use of intoxicants and others be denied their use while all are living under an equal law which prohibits every one from the use of intoxicants. In other words, we must enforce the law everywhere or nowhere.

Soul Measuring by Machinery

EDISON is seeking the connection between the material and the spiritual worlds. Substance probes for shadow, and some of us smile and some of us hope. The occultists have made no progress since the debates of the Idumean emirs. Theology stops at faith. Metaphysical philosophy speculates. Science is negative, but sympathetic. It is now the turn of mechanics.

Should the subtle and powerful intellect of the great American machinist throw the searchlight upon immortality we shall in a flash stand in the middle of resurrection day—earth will catch its breath—the headlines of the special editions will carry more thunderous words than came from Patmos—and mortal souls will leap for copies with a vaster thrill than has ever shaken this world, and in immeasurable magnitude we shall call like Shakespeare: "There's a post come from my Master with his horn full of news!"

The Nation's Silent Boycott of the Profiteers



A Specialist in "While-You-Wait"

This man, in twenty minutes, can make a battered old derby look as smart as the best two-dollar hat that ever retailed for five dollars.



"Tagging" for Coal Economy

Speculators looking for a handsome clean-up regard a "save-coal" campaign as "deliberately unfriendly." For them, waste makes wealth.



A Lean Year for the Rag-Bag

This man has had a lot to do with making forty-dollar overcoats drop from one-hundred dollars to sixty. He turns a "last year's" into a "this year's."



Talk about Aladdin's "New Lamps for Old!"

A deft hand at the smoothing-iron, and your old, rumpled neckwear is as good as new. Every man has a potential haberdashery racked in his room. The higher the price for scarfs the brisker is business for the ironing-board.



Cobblers Stick to Their Lasts Like Glue

These are harvest days for the shoe-repairer. No need to be "on your uppers" while you have the price of a half-sole and heel. At this place in New York major operations on invalid shoes are performed in twenty-five minutes.



But His Bread Is White, Not Brown

The words "popular priced" as applied to Hub restaurants having become a jovial fiction, Mayor Peters of Boston eats a home-prepared luncheon.



Movie Employees "Register" Protest

Humbler workers than mayors seek the reinstatement of the pre-war bill-of-fare. Here the employees of a well-known film company are lunching.



On the Operating Table

Introducing the head nurse in a shirt hospital. Skilled treatment at her hands will send a shirt home cured, fit as ever to battle with the laundry.

NOT SO "BLUE" AS PAINTED

THE fear is widespread that the "blue laws" of early New England are once more to be saddled upon the nation. Fear, friends, is rather a strong word. Let us be slow in condemning the old days and the old ways. They had withal a certain mellowness. While the whipping-post, the ducking-stool and various amenities incidental to Salem witchcraft might prove a trifle irksome in these latter years, there were features of life in Puritanical times, and for some subsequent decades, the return of which need not be dreaded. With which few words, we introduce an informative extract from Alice Morse Earle's "Stagecoach and Tavern Days" (McMillan), quoting from one who is a recognized authority on the "blue" period of which she wrote:

"Ordination Day was almost as great for the tavern as for the meeting-house. The visiting ministers who came to assist at the religious service of ordination of a new minister were usually entertained at the tavern. Often an especially good beer was brewed called 'ordination beer,' and in Connecticut an 'ordination ball' was given at the tavern—this with the sanction of the parsons. The bills for entertaining the visitors are in many cases preserved. One of the most characteristic was at a Hartford ordination. It runs:

	£	s.	d.
To keeping ministers	2	4	
2 mugs today	5	10	
5 segars	3		
1 pint wine		9	
3 lodgings	9		
3 breakfasts		9	
15 holes punch	1	10	
3 bitlers		9	
24 dinners	1	16	
11 bottles wine	3	6	
5 mugs flip		5	10
5 holes punch	6		
3 holes today	3	6	

"The bill is endorsed with unconscious humor: 'This all paid for except the ministers' rum.'"

The unregenerate will be impelled to exclaim, "Bring on your Puritan New England!" But let it be a pale

UNDER General Felix Agnus, the Baltimore American lived up to its name. Also with Mr. Frank A. Munsey, who lately bought it, directing its destinies, there will be at least one American which is really American.

Viscountess Rhondra has sent a petition to King George asking him to order a writ summoning her to sit as a member of the House of Lords.—*World's London letter.*

Conservative Lords would, no doubt, welcome this tradition-smashing Lady.

Mayor Harry Runyon of Belvedere will be the only Democrat in the New Jersey Assembly when it convenes in January.—*Sun's Trenton special.*

When Runyon holds a party caucus he should have things mostly his own way.

Senator Hitchcock of Nebraska said Mr. Bryan did not give much support to the party and could not be expected to have any hand in the party caucus.—*Times' Washington special.*

Honors may be even. What's to prevent Mr. Bryan from reading Senator Hitchcock out of the party?

The Austrian Government's attempt at socializing industries has failed and the government is offering several factories for sale.—*Herald's Vienna cable.*

Perhaps the Radicals can explain what part capitalism had in this failure.

The Prussian Government has paid former Emperor William nearly \$25,000,000 as King of Prussia since his flight to Holland.—*Berlin dispatch.*

A cheap pensioner. He was costing his country much more than that before he went into exile.

Australia will permit killing of seals off the coast of Victoria, their number having become so great as to injure the fishing industry.—*Melbourne dispatch.*

The Friday dinner protected and a fur coat, possibly, for every Australian woman.

Colonel E. H. R. Green, son of the late Mrs. Hetty Green, and director of the American National Bank of Terrell, stopped a run on a rival institution, the First National Bank of this place, by wiring to New York for \$250,000 currency and paying it out to depositors in person.—*Terrell (Texas) telegram.*

The Colonel's name is of the wrong color. He's white from top to toe—one of the whitest business men alive.



AS WE WERE SAYING

By Arthur H. Folwell

blue, a mere tint, at first. We can't stand what our forefathers could. We have been schooled to moderation.

Christmas is the day when Gladys, aged 16, chirps with delightful embarrassment: "Shall I put the camisole out on the piano with the rest of my presents? Tee, hee!"

ON THE WINGS OF SONG

"TRIPOLI" is the name of a new song (M. Witmark & Sons, N. Y.), the chorus of which is as follows:

Floating on the bay of Tripoli,
Sweethearts, you and I;
Just a little paradise for two,
'Neath Italian skies.

The monthly catalogue of a talking machine company brings this song to our notice, a bit of luck for which we are grateful. It was high time our song-writers ignored geography. Why shouldn't Tripoli, which is in Africa, have an Italian sky over it? Who ever heard of Tripolitan skies, in a love song? Things would indeed be in a pretty state if "sweethearts," afloat "on the bay of Tripoli," could not have the right sky for "the moon above." It was a case of bring over the Italian sky or get out of Tripoli, and it is pleasant to note that the song-writers did the sensible, manly thing. They refused to let anything they may have learned at school hamper their rights as free men.

Now that a start has been made, how much better it will be for the song business. Geography cast aside,

lyrics will trip on truly poetic feet. We shall have importations of Italian skies, warranted fast color, for use in Alabama lullabies; "kinky curly heads" will be asked to go to sleep under them. And, if the rate of exchange be not prohibitive, Italy may receive by return steamer a number of "tinkling banjos" and "ol' Virginny cabin doors" for combination in song with Venetian gondolas.

The way is open for a lot of changes, now that geography offers no barrier. That "Burmah girl" in Kipling's "Mandalay" has been "a-settin'" long enough. It should be possible to pry her loose and transplant her beside some old Moulmein pagoda, "down in sunny Tennessee." We weary, too, of Harry Lauder's "bonnie highland lassie." There is no reason now why she should not hail from Budapest, and be "fair as the heather" that blooms "on the beach at Waikiki."

ANY PORT IN A STORM

THE influence of moving pictures upon susceptible persons in the audience is greater, much greater, than had been supposed. Among the prisoners arraigned in a New York police court recently was a young man of twenty-seven, whose accuser was a red and wrothy cop. "He up and kissed me," the latter told the Judge. And the young man's defence? He said the picture was so sentimentally moving that he didn't know what he was doing. It was dark in the house. He just had to kiss somebody; and, haplessly for him, the receiving end of his osculatory effort was a policeman. We may quote the outraged officer thus:

Willie kissed me when we met;
Witnesses I got who seen him;
S'help me, Judge, I feel it yet!
Speak the word, and watch me bean him;
Judge, them movie-shows are bad,
If they ain't, the good ones missed me.
Holy smokes, the bump I had!—
Willie kissed me!

As a matter of curiosity, we should like to know the name of the movie star who was being featured. She seems able to "get her stuff over."

the Dutchmen will not be lured, as too often in former years, to buy undesirable issues.

American military forces in the occupied area of Germany cost the German Government over \$257,000,000 up to June 30, 1920.—*Washington dispatch.*

See what it costs Germany not to be good.

Rumors of sensational developments are now crystallized into the report that the Duke of York may become King of Ireland.—*London cable to New York Times.*

Doubtless it is hoped that the Irish people would in that case quote:

"Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York."

Men candidates for all offices were defeated and the women chose an entire municipality ticket of women in this city.—*Yoncalla (Oregon) dispatch.*

Nothing surprising. Women have been practicing for ages the art of making a clean sweep.

Soviet Russia never before has experienced such a food crisis. Moscow and other cities are paralyzed by famine and the army is becoming famished.—*Lenine, Russian Dictator.*

And an unfeeling world remarks, "You brought it all upon yourselves."

The physicians and surgeons of Spain are greatly perturbed over the recent invasion of foreign practitioners, more especially Austrians.—*Madrid dispatch.*

This indicates some doubt among the Spaniards that in a multitude of doctors is safety.

Another fact that goes far toward making Bolshevism and revolution practically impossible in Italy is her great safety valve of immigration.—*American's Rome special.*

Shipping her possible disturbers to America to be regenerated by Uncle Sam.

Statistics show that complaints of cruelty to wives and children have increased 288 per cent. since prohibition arrived.—*Chicago dispatch.*

Thus terribly they miss the mellowing influence of the bowl.



THE MELTING-POT

President-elect Harding, reported to be comparatively poor, has contributed \$2,500 to a fund for the relief of 3,500,000 starving children in Europe.—*Newspaper item.*

Which does not indicate a disposition on Mr. Harding's part to hold aloof from the rest of the world.

National and State leaders began arriving today for an informal conference of the Democratic Party workers.—*French Lick (Ind.) dispatch.*

Having received an exceptional licking they naturally gravitated to a town of pertinent name.

Governor Smith spent nothing and received nothing in his unsuccessful campaign for reelection.—*Albany (N. Y.) dispatch.*

He received something in the way of votes, but the Miller was too much for the Smith.

Haitian pacification is today practically completed at the cost of 1132 lives of rebels and bandits since October 1, 1919.—*Chicago Tribune's Port au Prince special.*

Showing only a two-thirds deflation from the massacre figures originally cited by General Barnett.

Secretary Andrews of the American Association for Labor Legislation says hundreds of thousands of workers in all vital industrial centers are without jobs and only the concerted efforts of employers, employees, and the public generally can avoid a bread-line crisis this winter.—*Newspaper item.*

And yet Mr. Gompers predicted that labor would not give up anything that it had gained during the war. Gompers proposes, but the economic law disposes.

The Dutch people are investing millions of dollars monthly in American securities because they believe that America is the one place safe from Bolshevism and other social disturbances.—*Times' Hague cable.*

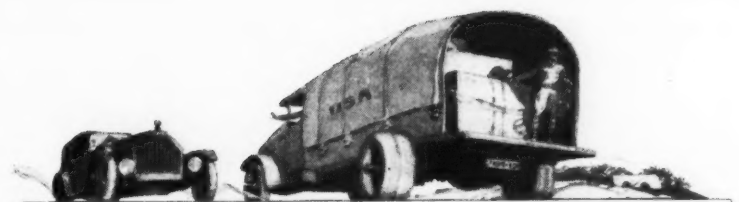
Very complimentary to America. Let us hope that

KEEPING THE CAR FIT

THERE are several hundred manufacturers of passenger cars in this country, while there are thousands of makers of automobile parts and attachments.

The car manufacturer may sometimes be placed in such a position that he is forced to use a part in the equipment or construction of his car that is not especially well suited to the purpose to which the ultimate purchaser may apply his vehicle. In such cases, when one part proves defective or otherwise unsuitable for the purposes for which it was designed, the car owner is given the opportunity for the installation of a new part of totally different design and construction. If he employs discretion in the selection of such a part, the value of his car will be increased. If he selects carelessly, his car will be ruined.

We have already pointed out the danger of the use of "pirate parts" in patented and highly refined systems, such as ignition units and the like. We have shown how the use of a certain imitation breaker point in an ignition system might ruin the functioning of the entire ignition outfit. Fortunately, however, our warning against the use of substitute parts does not apply to complete systems, or to easily replaced parts of the car which function and are complete within themselves. Unfortunate, indeed, would be the owner who felt that in case of a blowout he would be compelled to travel on a flat shoe until he could reach a dealer who handled the particular make of tire with which his car was originally equipped. Or supposing the car was so constructed that it would accommodate only "Flash" spark-plugs and was unsuited to the use of any size of "snap" spark-plugs, which might be



MOTOR DEPARTMENT

Conducted by H. W. Slauson, M. E.

Readers desiring information about motor cars, trucks, accessories or touring routes, can obtain it by writing to the Motor Department, "LESLIE'S WEEKLY," 225 Fifth Avenue, New York City. We answer inquiries free of charge.

DO YOU KNOW:

1. What "lapping in" the piston means?

2. What is the difference between the single and double unit types of starting systems?

Answers to these questions will be found in the next issue of the Motor Department.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN THE LAST MOTOR DEPARTMENT

1. Why is the four-cycle engine more efficient than the two-cycle type?

It might be assumed that the two-cycle engine, because of the fact that it produces double the number of impulses for the same number of cylinders, would be twice as powerful for cylinders and engines of the same size. This is not the case, however, because the four-cycle engine devotes one entire upward stroke to the complete cleaning and scavenging of the cylinder of the exhaust gases, and another complete

downward stroke to a pump-like suction which completely fills the cylinder with the explosive mixture. The two-cycle engine must get rid of this exhaust and "inhale" this explosive mixture during the same stroke. In consequence, the explosive mixture is badly diluted with burned gases, thus reducing the efficiency of this type of motor.

2. What are fuses for?

Electric wires will withstand only a certain amount of current. The wires of the generator would soon burn out or melt the insulation if an excessive amount of current from a short circuit were permitted to pass through them. The same is true of the head lamps and of the horn. Fuses are "safety valves" which are easily introduced into the circuit and which will melt from excessive current before any damage occurs to the more delicate portions of the system. Naturally, the elimination of the fuse from the circuit through burning breaks the path for the current and thus automatically stops the flow.

sold by a large number of dealers in the various towns through which he was passing.

Standardization has accomplished wonders in the automobile industry. If the owner feels that the car manufacturer has not used wisdom in the selection of certain complete parts which enter into the construction of his car, he may experiment and rebuild to his heart's content until he either obtains the desired combination which gives him exactly the kind of performance that he wants, or is finally convinced that he can not improve upon the manufacturer's original selection.

This is not a suggestion for unbridled experiment or dissatisfaction in the hope that the manufacturer's efforts can be improved upon. It is probable that the builder of the car has selected the type of ignition system which most nearly fits the requirements of the car and the legitimate proportion of expense which such a system shall bear to the cost of the entire vehicle. The owner, however, may substitute a battery ignition system for magneto, or magneto for battery, if he feels that a better performance can be obtained and is willing to invest a considerable amount of money in the change. Such changes should be complete, however, and in the case of a battery ignition system should include coil, distributor, timer and all other vital parts of the system. Other replacement parts are not so complicated as the ignition system and may be installed, as in the case of tires, one or more at a time.

Of course, the most striking instance of replacement service, as we have already mentioned, is that of the tire manufacturer. Tires, however, have come almost to be considered as accessories of the car, and not as vital parts
(Concluded on page 810)

Striking a Balance

THE pink and sparkling circus lady who leaps from the sawdust ring to the back of a trotting horse, provides a balancing feat vastly inferior to the performance of a 9,000-pound crusher-ball at the Standard Engineering Works, Ellwood City, Pa. The daily job of the crusher-ball, which is operated by an electric magnet, is to break up "scrapped rolls" by falling on them. This it might have done unheralded forever, but recently, without advance notice, the Ellwood crusher-ball dropped thirty feet, and landing on a sheet-metal roll only twenty inches in diameter, struck a perfect balance. The ball itself had twice the diameter of the metal roll, as the photograph indicates, and was perfectly round. With all its nine thousand pounds, it made but a slight dent in the roll. Steel men threw up their hands when asked for an explanation. They said "it just happened." Twenty-four hours later the crusher-ball was removed from its pedestal of fame in the interests of the business. Something similar, but more lasting, may be seen at Bronx Park, New York,



NEW FACTS IN THE WORLD OF SCIENCE

where the Rocking Stone has been balancing its tonnage since it was dropped there by the Glacial "drift" at the conclusion of the Ice Age. The Rocking Stone, unlike the Ellwood City crusher-ball, is one of the country's permanent institutions.

Saws Nine Feet High

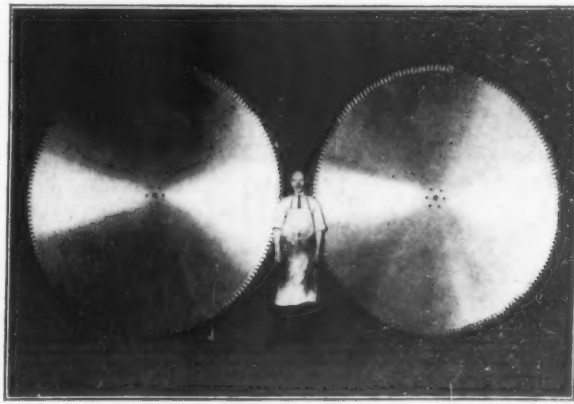
REMEMBER that sensational saw-mill scene in dear old "Blue Jeans"? Remember the terrifying buzz-z-z-z as the saw approached the helpless hero?

Well, glance at the pair of twin-saws at the right and visualize a melodrama which featured such saws in its big scene. Not even the movies could drive it off the boards. Not melodrama, however, but the outdoor drama of the lumber business is the setting of these monster circles of steel. They represent the world's greatest achievement in saw-forging. Larger saws have never been made. The man in the photograph is shown in actual ratio to their diameter of nine feet, a dimension which dwarfs even the tallest of locomotive driving-wheels. Manufactured by Henry Disston and Sons, these giants recently arrived on the Pacific coast at a mill which cuts shingle blocks from the enormous cedars of that region. In the rims are inserted 190 detachable teeth, which can be easily replaced if broken. Each saw started out as

an ingot weighing 1140 pounds, and after heating, rolling and trimming, each weighed 795 pounds. Tremendous difficulties attend the making of such huge implements of industry. The ingot must be fashioned into a plate absolutely straight and true. The saws in operation attain a speed of 130 miles an hour, a bit of statistics hinting at the revolution in sawmill methods since modern demand outstripped old-fashioned means of supply. Power-logging, especially on the Pacific Coast, has replaced the picturesque, many-yoked ox-teams of earlier days, and in machinery the modern lumber camp is as completely organized as the modern factory. Circular-saws have been in practical use for over a century, being of English invention, but the insatiable teeth was the development of an American idea. Though in comparison with the molars of the giant in the picture, they were as the teeth of a kitten to those of a tiger, nevertheless they showed the way. Sawmills vary in size from portable plants with a daily output of 5,000 feet to the permanent ones of the Pacific Northwest with a capacity as high as 500,000 per single shift.



This metal ball weighs nine thousand pounds. Dropping a distance of thirty feet, it landed upon a curved metal roll and balanced there as airily as any new-blown bubble.



When man has big trees to tackle in supplying the lumber trade, he requires saws that are big in proportion. This pair will transform giant Pacific Coast cedars into shingles.



"I Want a Drink"

THERE are a lot of folks in these United States who will sympathize with this cunning youngster's desire for a drink.

This dimpled infant reminding Mamma that it's bottle time expresses an emotion not uncommon in these days.

It would be hard to resist the appeal of this picture, one of the many noted covers that have appeared on JUDGE, "The Happy Medium."

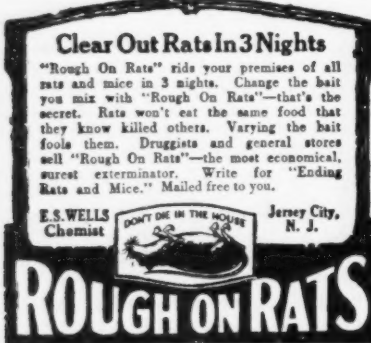
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ROUGH ON RATS

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TELL TOMORROW'S WEATHER

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"Take 'Em Off!"

(Continued from page 796)

One afternoon, flushed by a handball victory and feeling in a particularly expansive mood, even for a fat man, the efficiency expert stopped before Calvin's desk to pay his bill, and engaged the old Scotchman in stimulating conversation.

"Lookie here, Cal," he opened fire, his eye glittering with inspiration, "why don't you wake up and try to get somethin' like full value out of your investment in this property?"

Naturally, Calvin was dumfounded for a moment at the audacity of such a slur upon Scotch acumen. Every inch of the lot was covered with some piece of equipment to catch pennies—even to the fence. So all Calvin could do was to throw both arms beseechingly toward the heavens and gasp:

"Say, can you beat that for nerve?" "Well, you just listen to me," the fat man retorted. "Then maybe you'll hear somethin' to your advantage and get somethin' for nothin'. I tell you that half your plant is lyin' idle here until after dark, when it could just as well be workin' all day long."

Calvin pressed his dour lips into a straight line, but pricked up his ears.

"Here's the big idea." The fat man thrust his thumbs into the armholes of his waistcoat and tilted on his heels and toes, expanding with ardor. "Put your open air movie theater to work in the daytime. Build out the stage in front of your picture-screen a few feet more and rope it off as a boxin' arena. Then get Jack Dempsey and a lot of other pugs to come down here and stage their daily trainin' bouts. Why, man alive! You're overlookin' a gold mine. You could easy sell three to four hundred tickets a day to the fight fans who'd flock in here to watch 'em. In the evenin' run your movie, just as you've always done, exceptin' once in a while when you change the program to put on an advertised fight bill. Get me? Use *all* your plant *all* the time. That's efficiency!"

Calvin saw the point. Soon thereafter he got busy. I doubt if he ever will be able to lure Jack Dempsey to train in such modest quarters—though he may—but he easily enough managed to attract a score of lesser-known boxers who well repaid his efforts.

Among the first to establish his new training camp in the Stadium was Silas Woodbury, the "Battling Yank." A real battler this Silas. As you may already know, he used to fight all comers as fast as they came along. He has been known to take on as many as four matches in a single week. A sporting editor once declared of him, facetiously: "The Battler fights so often that he never gets time to train." However that may be, the fight bugs liked Silas' spirit, for win or lose he was a glutton for punishment—give or take. This despite the fact that he never packed much of a punch, and was a bit too slight of build to be seriously regarded as a contender for the heavyweight championship.

The pummeling that had fallen to the lot of the Battler left him somewhat less captivating in personal appearance than the fighting heroes of the Stadium's movie screen. In fact, not nearly so captivating. In the course of innumerable batterings Silas had acquired two badly cauliflowered ears, his lower lip had taken on a permanent puffiness, and a cut over his left eye had become a constant source of annoyance, for it had a habit of bleeding freely whenever somebody rapped it—usually as early as the second round.

THE Battling Yank had trained in his desultory fashion at the Calvin Stadium for at least ten days before he chanced to discover the charms of Chloe Tracey in the soda shop next door. Once he caught sight of her and heard for the first time the music of her soft Kentucky

speech, he knew he must make her his own, or perish. Here was the Girl of Girls.

He cut out Dr. Chang without much difficulty. When Silas mounted a wire stool before the soda counter and surveyed Chloe with an expansive grin, the little doctor sighed, edged down to the far end of the marble bar and relapsed into philosophic silence. A Confucian philosopher knows better than to attempt to contend with a just Fate.

Chloe was not so quick as certain other frequenters of the Calvin community center to see the fitness of a match that was soon being proposed between herself and the cauliflower-eared Battler. But gradually the pressure of public sentiment forced down her guard. The "boys" all showered such adulation upon Silas that she was carried off her feet at last in the tide of their hero worship.

Then one moonlight night the Battler slipped his arm around her waist as they were riding down to Washington Square on top of a Fifth Avenue 'bus.

"Girlie," he declared, "I'm bugs about you. I simply gotta have you for my wife."

Chloe made the inevitable rejoinder, meant to be scornful:

"Say!—how do you get that way?"

But she made no attempt to dislodge his arm. The Battler drew her closer, clasped her gleefully in a bear-like embrace, and ended by slipping a diamond ring on her left hand.

Then they both blissfully supposed, like the faithful Stadium movie fans, that both of them were, that Destiny could have nothing further in store for them after this but the usual fade-out, followed by two reels of Mack Sennett or a Mutt and Jeff to close the program.

Even little Dr. Chang, who in his calmer moments is one of the sagest men alive, supposed that this settled matters once and for all. He bowed his head to the verdict and congratulated the Battling Yank with a fervent handshake.

The Chink and the Yankee struck up an acquaintance after that which rapidly ripened into friendship, much to the Battler's profit. The little medical man introduced the badly conditioned prize fighter to something like a scientific system of exercise, and taught him some new training stunts which managed to speed up both his footwork and his punch.

Meanwhile, of course, the fame of Calvin's Stadium was spreading among New York's boxers and fight fans. Our genteel tennis players began to complain that their dressing-room was becoming so crowded with sweaty pugs that it was no longer a fit place for a gentleman to change his clothes. What made matters worse was that often one couldn't tell a gentleman from a roughneck. Even in their street attire some of the boxers were distinctly presentable persons; and man in his nudity under a shower bath presents puzzles in social ratings that often are quite impossible to solve. Sometimes, if cauliflower ears and tattoo marks are missing, you can't tell a fighter from a rich man's son from Riverside Drive.

Another wail arose from the fat men—even from Burr Harrington, who had nobody but himself to blame. The strip of cement-floored handball courts, formerly sacred to the reducing squad, was now invaded by slim, cat-like boxers, whose game was lightning-swift and ruthless. Before the onslaught of these professionals the amateurs fled to cover rather than be publicly shamed.

Professionals overran the entire lot. They slugged a sandbag suspended from the ceiling in the center of Calvin's business office. They skipped rope on the handball courts and jogged around the circumference of the tennis reservation to the distraction of many a temperamental server and striker. All day long the tattoo

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of punching-bags resounded, and spectators watching the training bouts applauded and whistled and stamped uproariously. The place even took on a new smell. From the old familiar mustiness of a locker room, it changed to the pungency of rubdown liniments, alcohol, witch hazel and wintergreen.

Two months of this and Calvin's Stadium had acquired such a reputation that it lured to its precincts the heavyweight Mike Grogan, once a serious contender for big purses and diamond-studded belts. Bouts with the night life of the nearby White Way had somewhat dimmed Grogan's chances for permanent world renown, but he was not yet a "has-been." He still packed a formidable punch; so his friends were many. The minute Grogan established headquarters in Calvin's, Battling Silas felt a decided slump in his former popularity. For here, as a rival attraction, was a real big timer, one who could go ten rounds with the headliners and survive.

At first there was no thought in anyone's mind of ever matching Silas and Grogan in advertised battle. Grogan was a big leaguer; Silas still struggling to climb out of the bushier class. In fact, there might never have been clash between them but for what happened to Chloe.

Women were a fatal weakness with Mike Grogan. He was good-looking, he dressed well, he usually had a pocketful of money, and he drove a twin-six roadster that was as flashy a boat as ever coursed the stormy channel of the Great White Way.

Mike Grogan scented the trail of game in Chloe Tracey within twenty-four hours of his arrival at the Stadium. He so coveted her of the flesh that he completely overlooked the little circlet of gold and the diamond that glittered from the fourth finger of her left hand. With half of the gallery of the Stadium applauding his efforts, he made a dead set to bear her off. And he succeeded. Within a week he managed to entice her to go for a spin with him in the big twin six. Away they whisked up Broadway, Albany bound. On the way they stopped in at several cabarets and roadhouses that are still a despair to prohibition agents. There they sipped freely the distillations of Chloe's native State.

It was all a lark in the beginning, but it ended in something nearly tragic for Chloe Tracey. As the hangers-on at Calvin's chose to express it, Chloe "seems to have passed out."

Calvin's Stadium never saw Chloe again. The next we heard of her was when a fight fan whispered to the Battling Yank that he had seen her near the Navy Yard in Brooklyn.

"It was past midnight and rainin'. Her eyes was all red from cryin' and she looked all in. 'Said she was washin' dishes in a hash house near the bridge. But if you ask me, I think she was out of a job—clean down on her uppers."

Battling Si and Dr. Chang tried hard to find her in that city wilderness, but it was nearly a month before they succeeded . . .

In that same month many things momentous befell to Grogan, to Battling Silas and to the little doctor.

WITHIN a fortnight from the date of the tragic "party" with Chloe, Mike Grogan, happening to need some easy money made in the easiest possible way, chose to "throw" a fight with Big Moody, the California plasterer. Being in no condition to box, and in no mood to train either, he wagered \$5,000 against his own chances through a ring of bookmakers. One of these bookies, disgruntled about the division of the spoils, squealed to the sporting editors. As a result, Mike Grogan was banished indefinitely from big time by the State boxing commission.

He never fought again under his own name. As "Terry O'Brien" he made a new and humble start in life, boxing whenever he could get the chance before

small clubs where the limelight isn't too glaring. And being hard up for cash, he was glad to take from them whatever pittance they saw fit to offer.

Perhaps you are wondering now why our friend Battling Silas did not immediately hunt Mike Grogan down and maul his once arrogant head? If that is your train of thought, it betrays blissful ignorance of the philosophy of professional boxers. It never occurs to a man who makes a living by fighting to go out and assault a rival with bare fists, as you and I would do. He might "cuss out" his enemy, or kick him on the shins or bite his ear; but when professional boxers punch heads they instinctively prefer to wear gloves for the job and pull it off in a place where they can submit a rival to public humiliation and general scorn.

So in Battling Silas was born but one thought of revenge—to get Mike Grogan, alias "Terry O'Brien," into a roped arena before a full gallery and there "make a bum outa the big stiff." If human ingenuity could compass it, he meant to pummel "that low-life has-been" to a dark blue jelly spattered with gore—before a large and bloodthirsty crowd.

Human ingenuity was not lacking in this ambitious design, for little Dr. Chang was abetting with all his serpent-like wisdom and all his cunning of the Far East. (All this was brought out in the trial.) In fact, though not yet in name, the doctor became Si's manager and trainer. With an uncanny instinct for dark arts, the doctor turned his attention first to publicity, and got certain New York sporting editors interested in urging a match between his charge and "Terry O'Brien."

"Terry" was in no position to refuse such a challenge. At the first hint of turning a newspaper spotlight on his past, he accepted with alacrity. The date was set for three weeks in advance, the arena to be Calvin's Stadium.

Then the Battler and Dr. Chang settled down to stiff training. Much of their work was done in secret rehearsal, possibly because the doctor sensed that a slight air of mystery whets the public's curiosity. I feel sure, at least, that he had nothing to teach the Battler that would be a secret to other prize fighters.

"Terry O'Brien" trained, too, but rather half-heartedly. On two occasions he broke off the reservation to stage little parties on the White Way. When the time for the match was at hand he was reported some ten pounds over his best weight and badly out of condition. One of the physicians who examined him objected to allowing him to appear, but other members of the board overruled the protest.

A cluster of yellow arc lights glared down out of the night upon the naked shoulders of "Terry O'Brien" and Silas Woodbury. The gong tapped for the opening of the first round.

The fighters touched gloves, then suddenly came together with a swift impact of two thudding blows. From that they proceeded to "mix it," while a record attendance in the Stadium howled with bloodthirsty joy.

Half a minute of this furious give-and-take and a few of the more tender-hearted of the beholders felt like covering their eyes. It appeared to these simple souls that the Battling Yank was being murdered. Blood streamed from the cut over his left eye. Heavy blows full in the face rocked his head and sent him lurching against the ropes, then bouncing off for more.

But if they had ever seen the Battler in action before they would have known that this was the sort of thing that always happened to him. The Yank had to bore in to win. He was always willing to pay the price in punishment—and never more willing than tonight.

When the round ended the little yellow doctor was in the Battler's corner, grinning and whispering in his ear while the towels flapped. And those closest to that

(Concluded on page 810)

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A DEPLORABLE aspect of the readjustment period has lately revealed itself and excited widespread dismay and comment. The existing business depression, it is now clear, has been due not alone to the general public's strike against higher prices, but also in large measure to repudiation of obligations by numbers of individuals and firms. Since deflation began there has been a wave of cancellation of the orders placed with manufacturers and wholesalers. Not a few of these orders were virtually contracts and should have been lived up to by the parties to them, whatever loss might have been involved.

It is of the very essence of honorable business that men bear losses as well as secure gains. The producer who confides in the good faith of a customer and proceeds, at more or less expense, to execute an order is most shabbily treated when he is coolly informed that the goods will not be accepted. The injury is not to the producer only. The welching buyer finds violation of the business code of honor is a boomerang. It reacts on him by impairing his morale, his reputation, and his future chances of success. He is black-listed, and transactions with him thereafter will be avoided or else conducted with suspicion and rigid care. The repudiator eventually pays, in some way or other, for his temporary immunity from loss. "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul" is about as sound and practical a business maxim as was ever uttered.

The aggregate of orders cancelled lately is enormous. This practice has affected the foreign as well as the domestic trade. Business men abroad, as well as those at home, have been guilty of it. Their action has resulted in a serious check on exports and militated against the plans now on foot for granting credits abroad. If the foreigner will not abide by his agreements, he will not be trusted. Thus the revival of commerce on which the producers of this country have been counting will be retarded unless our products can be assigned to houses of unflinching uprightness.

It is to be hoped that this sort of dereliction will not continue either in our own or other lands, for if it does it will completely demoralize the business world and make more grievous the throes of readjustment. The spirit of compromise might well prevail where bargains have been notably unfortunate, both parties sharing the burden of loss. If everyone will heroically swallow his bitter pill, the agony will be shortened and we shall the sooner return to normal and final conditions.

The stock market awaits the outcome of all these, and other, factors in readjustment, and no stability in quotations can be expected until the dealer stops cancelling orders and the retailer lowers prices and the consumer resumes buying. There are en-

couraging indications that all these things are soon to come to pass. The market at times has shown a strength of undertone which excites the hope that stocks and bonds have pretty nearly discounted the future of business and have come nigh to their lowest likely level. With every decline in market figures, the sound issues so frequently commended in these columns become better purchases and averaging on them becomes more worth-while and safe.

D., RACINE, WIS.: Although it is not a gilt-edged investment, a \$1000 Pure Oil Co. bond should be a reasonably safe purchase.

M., POTTSVILLE, PA.: A woman of limited means should buy the best preferred stocks rather than common shares. Bonds would be still safer for her.

W., SPANGLER, PA.: U. S. Rubber 7½'s, Westinghouse 7's, and Standard Oil of N. J. preferred are among the best of securities. Anaconda Copper 7's are less desirable, but reasonably safe.

C., CLEVELAND, OHIO: Vanadium Steel, paying \$6 per year, is a fair business man's investment, provided the dividend is not reduced. There have been rumors of that, but only the directors can tell whether these are true or not.

L., ANTIGO, WIS.: Some financial experts predict a better day for the copper stocks before long, although they admit prices may go lower. It does not seem advisable at present to sell your holdings at a heavy loss. If the price of the metal should improve, all copper stocks would feel the benefit.

G., MT. UNION, PA.: American Woolen common is not so safe as the preferred, but earnings reports indicate that the dividend on it may be maintained. The same is true of Studebaker common and U. S. Rubber common. Midvale and Bethlehem Steel are attractive business men's purchases at present prices. In the present doubtful state of the market it would be more prudent to put your \$1,000 into first-class preferred stocks.

S., FRANKLIN, TEXAS: Among "good \$100 bonds" are Dominion of Canada 5's, Federal Land Bank Farm Loan 4½'s and 5's, City of Paris 6's, U. S. Liberty Loans, Canadian Pacific 6's, St. Paul 4½'s, Norfolk & Western 1st Mortgage gold 4's, St. L. & San Fran. prior lien 4's and 5's, Virginian Railway 1st 5's, Montana Power 1st and ref. 5's, U. S. Rubber 1st and ref. 5's, Beth. Steel first lien and ref. 5's, and Lackawanna Steel 1st 5's.

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E., MOUNTAIN LAKE, MINN.: American Woolen, pfd., General Motors 6 per cent. pfd., Crucible Steel pfd., and American Smelting pfd., are reasonably safe purchases. American Hide & Leather pfd. had a serious decline because of the poor condition of the leather trade. Doubts were expressed of the company's ability to continue the 7 per cent. dividend. There are arrears of 114 per cent. in preferred dividends. The stock is now quoted so low that even if the dividend were cut it should be a good speculation.

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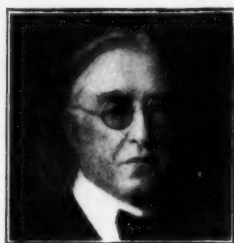
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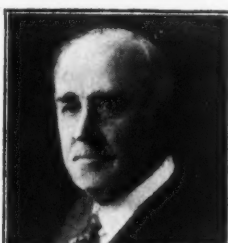
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WINTER MOTORING

Automobiling is no longer restricted to fair weather. Winter tops, Sedan bodies, hard-surfaced roads, and other developments make motoring as pleasurable in winter as in summer.

Cars are still being made and sold in large quantities and there is still the opportunity of using the wrong judgment in the selection of an automobile. Avoid this mistake by securing the services of unbiased experts. The Motor Department of **LESLIE'S WEEKLY** offers such a service, free of charge, to its readers. Use the following coupon.

COUPON

HAROLD W. SLAUSON, M.E., Manager, Motor Department,
LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

I am considering the purchase of a car to cost about \$..... and am especially interested in one of the..... (make)..... (type).....

My requirements for a car are as follows:

Capacity..... Type of body.....

Driven and cared for by..... self chauffeur

Kind of roads over which car would be used.....

I have owned other cars of the following makes:

The following cars of approximately the type in which I am interested are handled by dealers in my territory.....

Please advise me as to the car best suited to my requirements.

Name.....

Address.....

12-25-20

account. It is necessary to study the merits of each issue by itself. When you are prepared to invest your \$20,000 it would be wise to diversify your purchases, getting something in each class of securities. In the issue of **LESLIE'S** of Dec. 18 was published a list of stocks that have stood the test of time and panic, while their companies have largely increased their surpluses during the past few years. Among these stocks are National Lead pfd., American Car & Foundry pfd., American Sugar Ref. pfd., Westinghouse E. & M. pfd., National Biscuit pfd., Atchison pfd and common, Union Pacific pfd. and common, Southern Pacific, American Tel & Tel, U. S. Steel pfd., and U. S. Rubber 1st preferred.

G., CHATTANOOGA, TENN.: Sears Roebuck stock is on an 8 per cent. basis and is an excellent business man's purchase, but I would not advise buying it on a margin.

M., UPPER MAUCH CHUNK, PA.: You have a good profit on your Lehigh Valley stock. How much more you might get cannot be told until the segregation plan is made public.

T., FRANKLIN, PA.: It seems better to hold Midvale Steel than to sell it at a heavy loss. This is on the supposition that the dividend will be maintained. Butte & Superior is in a very speculative position. Midvale is more attractive.

B., SEATTLE, WASH.: You had better put your \$500 into dividend-paying railroad stocks rather than into low-priced non-dividend paying shares. Instead of Southern Railway common or Western Maryland, purchase N. Y. Central, Union Pacific, Atchison, or B. & O. preferred, all selling at moderate figures.

M., CLEVELAND, OHIO: The East Coast Fisheries Co. and the East Coast Fisheries Products Co. are in the hands of receivers. The assets are said to be more than ample to meet the debts if they can be properly liquidated. The receivers will carry on the business and it is hoped that they will put things in good shape once more.

B., WHAT CHEER, IOWA: Put your \$2,000 into sound and well-secured bonds. If New Haven deb. 4's are redeemed at maturity in 1922 there will be a big profit on present price. New York Central deb. 6's, French Government 5's, American Tel & Tel, collateral trust 5's, U. S. Rubber 1st and ref. 5's, or International Mercantile Marine 6's are among the good issues.

W., CHICAGO, ILL.: I am inclined to think that the conservative course in respect to Southern Pacific is to sell the rights and hold the stock. It is true that the purchaser of Pacific Oil Co. stock will get a fairly good thing, which may develop into something very profitable. There are possibilities, but there are also uncertainties. The opportunity to buy Pacific Oil stock at \$15 is not at present a melon, though if the stock goes to high figures it would prove to be one.

G., GAHAGAN, LA.: The general deflation depressed American Woolen pfd., as well as other stocks. The company was hard hit by stopping of orders and had to close its mills for a time. This stock has rarely sold above par, but it has paid its dividend for over 20 years. Pure Oil common might be called a good business man's purchase. It is not strictly an investment, although it is paying dividends and the company has a future. I would rather buy its stock than that of the Noble Oil and Gas Co. There may be more speculative possibilities in Midvale Steel, paying \$4 a year, than in U. S. Steel paying \$5 and selling at more than double, but U. S. Steel is the stronger, better-established and more-seasoned company, and its stock is nearer being an investment.

B., GEORGETOWN, S. CAR.: Chinese Imperial 5's are the obligations of a nation that has never defaulted and are selling too low, even considering the exchange situation. These bonds were issued, payable in sterling, to aid the construction of the Hu-Kuang Railways. The original issue was in £20 and £100 pieces, but an issue of £200 pieces was made to enable the American banking group to offer them here at 97. Lately the £200 bonds were quoted at \$430. The return on each bond is £10. At recent rates of exchange that would yield in American money about \$35. So that the bond purchaser would be getting a flat return of over 8 per cent. Undoubtedly sterling will reach its normal rate a few years hence. In that case a big profit will be made on bonds bought now.

December 18, 1920.

JASPER.

Free Booklets for Investors

The weekly survey of the business and financial situation given in the widely known "Bache Review" has been of great assistance to many successful investors. For free copies of this publication apply to J. S. Bache & Co., members N. Y. Stock Exchange, 42 Broadway, New York.

Financial observers are looking forward to the time when railroad issues will play a larger part in the stock market. A special list of railroad stocks, selling low and which may prove profitable investments if bought now, will be sent upon request by Scott & Stump, specialists in odd lots, Stock Exchange Bldg., Philadelphia, or 40 Exchange Place, New York.

Possessors of reserve funds looking for opportunities in the new year will no doubt be glad to consult the Straus Guide to Safe Investment for January, 1921. This publication will help solve the problems of investing funds safely in amounts ranging from \$100 upward and for a good yield. To obtain it write for booklet L-1003 to S. W. Straus & Co., 150 Broadway, New York, or Straus Bldg., Chicago.

The struggle for financial independence in which nearly everybody is engaged will be made much easier by purchasing with savings and surplus earnings well-secured bonds now selling at unusually low prices. A list of bond investment suggestions and details of a monthly payment plan facilitating purchase will be sent on request for 95-DD by Dunham & Co., 43 Exchange Place, New York, or 414 Caswell Block, Milwaukee.

There are numerous bargains today in bonds, preferred stocks, and common stocks of long standing interest or dividend records. A bulletin disclosing present conditions and the position of many attractive issues selling at low prices, with a booklet describing their purchase on the monthly payment plan, may be had by writing to Charles H. Clarkson & Co., Department LW-27, 66 Broadway, New York, for "Thrift-Savings-Investment."

Those who desire to have their money earn 7 per cent. next year will look into the merits of the 7 per cent. Miller mortgage bonds. These are safeguarded by income-producing property and various sound conditions. Full details in regard to them are given in three interesting booklets, which will be sent to any investor by G. L. Miller & Company, Inc., 1050 Hurt Bldg., Atlanta, Ga., entitled "Selecting Your Investments," "Creating Good Investments," and "Your Investment Banker."

Although Seattle, the Pacific Northwest metropolis, has already had a phenomenal growth, this bids fair to be completely outdistanced by future expansion. The city is the center of a region of great natural resources, has an equitable climate, and is located most advantageously for business at home and abroad. Capitalists and investors interested in the growth and opportunities of Seattle are invited to address inquiries for information to the long-established and responsible Seattle National Bank, Seattle, Wash.

Most Christmas presents have only a temporary value, but there are gifts whose benefits endure for long periods. Among these may be named Guaranteed Prudence Bonds running for one to ten years and yielding an income every year. These bonds, backed by conservative first mortgages on income-producing properties, and guaranteed as to interest and principal, are ideal holiday gifts. They come in denominations of \$100, \$500, and \$1,000. A readable booklet, LM-80, fully describing these attractive issues will be mailed to any address by the Realty Association Investment Corporation, 31 Nassau Street, New York, or 162 Remsen Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

California hydro-electric securities have become widely known and appreciated in late years. The increasing demands of the Golden State's industries, agriculture and homes is causing important developments of hydro-electric power. Investments in this sort of enterprise are regarded as among the safest, and the yield from them is high. Blyth, Witter, & Co., 61 Broadway, New York, Merchants' Exchange Bldg., San Francisco, and with offices in Los Angeles, Seattle, and Portland, Ore., are recommending a number of California H-E securities, yielding from 6.6 per cent. to 8 per cent. Circular L-12 containing full details concerning these issues can be obtained from any of the firm's offices.

1921 Will Be Sport's Banner Year

By EDWIN A. GOEWY

NINETEEN-TWENTY has been one of the greatest years in the history of American sports. Not only did the sons and daughters of Uncle Sam acquit themselves with a superlative measure of credit upon land and water, but the pastimes were witnessed by crowds of unprecedented proportions, and those interested in the financial side of the various athletic ventures prospered as never before.

But 1920, good old sport that he has been, is about to pass over the great divide for all time, the records have been filed among sportdom's archives, to be recalled only for reference or comparison, and the cheers and huzzahs now heard are only for the promising infant, 1921.

Never was the outlook for a year of splendid sport accomplishments more rosy, and financial success for the backers of clean athletics is practically assured.

The national pastime, baseball, with its professional, semi-pro and amateur clubs peppering the country from ocean to ocean, and its millions of supporters, naturally will receive the major share of attention for many months, particularly because the game will begin the new season freed of certain persons and conditions which recently brought it into disfavor.

The threatened splitting up of the major leagues, caused by the temporary refusal of a few teams to agree to the scheme of the majority to clean up the pastime and restore the confidence of the fans, has been smoothed over, at least for a considerable time, by the selection of Federal Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis to be the supreme head of professional baseball. Few will shed tears for the defunct National Commission.

It is certain the next major league playing schedule will call for at least ten more games than the usual 154, an earlier start to be made in the spring. This plan, to-

gether with the accepted nine-game world's series program, insures increased financial returns over the "old days."

It may be a trifle early to talk of the 1921 prospects of the teams under the big tent, particularly as the Red Sox, Browns, Tigers, Cubs, Quakers and Braves are to have new managers, a circumstance which may and may not improve the playing of these outfits. In the National League the Brooklyn's will have a hard time repeating. If Hughie Jennings assists McGraw in the management of the Giants, that team will be the favorite from the start, for these two veterans know every trick of the trade and would handicap most opponents if coaching at the same time behind first and third bases.

Personally, I do not believe Brooklyn will do as well as in 1920; New York should do better, as also should Pittsburgh. Cincinnati will be fortunate if the team finishes among the "big three" next season. Chicago may keep out of the second division if the club has luck in obtaining needed players, and the Quakers and Braves may

perk up under new directors. They can't do much worse than last year. The Cardinals appear to be a second division fixture, playing a sliding scale from sixth to last place.

Cleveland is the big favorite for first honors in the American League, for the team should be as strong as when it won the world's championship and, in all probability, will receive real opposition only from the Yankees. The latter have an outside chance of winning, but only with improved pitching and a more aggressive style of play. With the White Sox all shot to pieces in consequence of those exposed and banished because of their connection with the throwing of the 1919 world's series, it is doubtful if the team can be patched up so as to cut any considerable figure in the race. The remaining five clubs in the organization appeared to be in a class apart from the others last season. If any of them, even under new managers, become pennant contenders, they will surprise both themselves and the fans. The coming season may be the one in which Mack will

dig the Athletics out of the hole in which they have been floundering. It is to be hoped so, for the Philadelphia fans deserve something better than a brace of baseball jokes.

Naturally every fan is interested in the 1921 accomplishments of Babe Ruth. Few expect that he will surpass his last season's home-run record. It is too much to ask. But, barring accident, he will give a first-class account of himself and hold his own as the leader among long-distance sluggers. The fact that, despite his sensational accomplishments, he has remained a hard-working, earnest player, with no signs of inflated chest or enlarged cranium, is in his favor; there is no doubt that he will do his level best to top his own record.

Despite those who are arguing in favor of "old-time football," the open style of play will remain in vogue during the coming year, and the crowds and financial returns will surpass those which established records in the season just closed.

As for boxing, it has received a black eye, particularly in New York State, owing to the greediness of promoters. The effort to stage the Dempsey-Carpentier million-dollar affair and some of the recent brutal fights held in the metropolis have shown that the promoters have lost sight of the plea which caused boxing to again be permitted by law in the Empire State—that public boxing exhibitions were necessary to inspire the growing youth to learn to defend himself in a manly way with his fists. These things have shown to the thinking people that the professional promoters and backers want not boxing but prize fights, and for the purpose of enriching themselves. The storm of protest is coming. Governor Smith started the ball rolling by refusing to permit promoters to rent the armories for the purpose of staging fights. Every one is waiting to see what step will be taken by Governor-elect Miller. Will the boxing fans never learn to curb the promoters?

Motor Department

(Concluded from page 805)

which enter into its original construction. Springs, however, upon which the entire weight of the car, with the exception of the wheels and axles, rests, on the other hand, are vital units which DO enter into the original construction and equipment of the car, and yet which can be replaced with those of another make almost as easily as can tires. This is a fortunate situation, for many of our roads are still rough and construction conditions frequently render spring breakage almost certain. The garage man or service station which carries a stock of spare spring leaves to fit the most popular makes of cars renders a distinct service to the motoring public. There

may be good and bad springs on the market; but the motorist who selects the spring in which he has confidence runs no more risk than does he who re-equips his car with his favorite tire, spark-plug or other integral part which did not enter into the original equipment of his car.

The motorist owes much to the Society of Automotive Engineers which has made standardization possible, for it is by means of this quality entering into the construction of cars and parts that makes replacement so simple and inexpensive and a job which can be undertaken by the nearest country garage.

"Take 'Em Off!"

(Concluded from page 807)

part of the ringside heard the doctor's last words of counsel, just as the gong sounded again:

"Over his heart, boy! Allee time, over the heart!"

The Battler bounded to the center of the ring. Again the seeming awful slaughter of a little fellow by a big one. But at the end of the round the Battler, as by a miracle, was yet among the living.

Again, just before the opening of round three, the little yellow man repeated his advice—"allee time, over his heart!" The gong clanged. Dr. Chang, grinning encouragement, slapped his charge upon the shoulder, and the Battler sprang once more into bloody fray. At the end, a superficial observer might have said that "Terry O'Brien" had another round to his credit. But to the ringside press experts it was becoming evident that the Battler had not slowed down in the least, and that he was making his big opponent wince under some stinging body blows aimed for the heart.

Round four was slow. On points it possibly was "O'Brien's," but four or five times in this session the Battler managed to bore in and jab his right heavily to the big fellow's body.

At the end of the round the little doctor was plainly growing jubilant.

Round five was slower than the fourth, but through no fault of the Battler's. In the middle of it a husky bass voice well back in the center tier of seats yelled protest: "Aw! make 'em fight!" Over in a

far corner of the lot a bloodthirsty youth shrilly took up the cry. From the ringside it was plain that the Battler was giving the fight all the strength he could muster, and that "Terry" was wincing with pain under the attack. But you know how it is at these affairs—from the back seats some of the details are likely to escape notice.

In the sixth round, which showed a further slowing of the pace, the bass voice bellowed more impatiently: "Break 'em! Break 'em! Don't let 'em clinch! Make 'em fight!" The shrill protester in the corner did not echo this time. He shrieked: "Take 'em off!"

The crowd joined with him in chorus. Cat calls and whistles rose. A thousand pairs of feet began to stamp impatiently.

Then it was that Battling Silas, with a threatening glint from under his lowered brows, bored in desperately, deeper than ever, and sunk three thudding jabs above "Terry O'Brien's" heart. Those closest to the ringside saw the big fellow's face twitch in an agony of sudden pain and the color fade from it while his knees gave out from under him. Then, wilting, he toppled and flopped face downward on the canvas, with his arms outspread.

This was not at all what the fight fans had paid their good money to behold. It was a tame finish after so gallant a start. Even while the referee's arm was swinging like a pump handle as he counted ten over the stricken body, a cry of "fake!" arose and swelled to a mighty roar.

The referee bent over the form of Michael Grogan and tried to lift it. Suddenly the official's face went white. Turning the body over, he dropped to his knees on the floor and pressed his ear to Grogan's heart.

As if dazed, the referee scrambled to his feet and raised both arms in a pathetic gesture for silence. The pallor of his cheeks and the droop of his heavy jaw warned the crowd to a hush to hear what he had to say.

"Gentlemen," he cried, his voice breaking into a tremor, "kindly keep quiet! Terry O'Brien is—dead!"

Every face in that assembly but one was struck with something akin to awe. The sole exception—and this all of a sudden—was the grinning yellow countenance of Dr. Chang of Peking.

AT the trial that followed, Dr. Chang eagerly accepted entire responsibility for Mike Grogan's death.

"I hated him," he testified. "He made me insults."

He chose to describe Silas Woodbury as a guileless, blameless instrument of a cunning attack, a good-hearted youth who too faithfully had obeyed sinister instructions. He testified solemnly—and this certainly was true enough—that the Battling Yank had no notion whatever of how deadly his attack would prove.

Some of us would hasten to add to this—"and neither did the doctor—was just an

accident, one of those rare fatal accidents of boxing." We believe that the doctor was as shocked by the tragedy as anyone else present, and that the gallant little madman assumed the grin—the grin that sent him to Sing Sing—because he supposed at the moment that this was the only way to save Silas from prison. We believe he was thinking only of his cherished friend and of that unhappy pretty girl when he did it—all in a fine, rash, Quixotic impulse worthy of a Ming nobleman.

But though he never convinced his friends that he was guilty, he convinced the jury, and on the weight of his testimony Battling Silas was freed.

Last week the Yank and Chloe were married at St. Aloysius. A box of silver table things was among their wedding presents. It contained a calling-card, on which was scribbled in tiny pin point characters:

My honorable friends from one who loves you and longs you to be happy.

DR. CHANG.

I am no detective, but knowing Dr. Chang of old, I believe that this calling-card is the clue to the whole mystery.

I'll Teach You Piano in Quarter Usual Time

To persons who have not previously heard of my method, this may seem a pretty bold statement. But I will gladly convince you of its accuracy by referring you to any number of graduates in any part of the world

I've brought modern, scientific methods within reach of piano or organ students **everywhere**. I've introduced time-saving devices which were entirely unknown until invented and patented by me. As a result, my students learn in **quarter** the time usually considered necessary.

These are bold statements, I know. But here's the strongest proof of their truth. I started my original methods of teaching piano in 1891. So great was the prejudice against my "new fangled" system that I nearly had to give up the fight. The first year I could count all my students on the fingers of one hand. The next year, I didn't do much better. Then gradually the tide turned. Every year for over a quarter of a century I increased the number of my students, until now I have many hundreds in every **state in the Union**, and several thousands throughout the rest of the world. No other teacher has **nearly** so many.

I will gladly give you the names of any number of accomplished players of piano or organ who obtained their **entire** training from me by **mail**. They will soon satisfy you that I am not exaggerating when I say that I will teach you in **quarter the usual time and at quarter the usual cost**. If you have not before heard of my method and what it has accomplished this may seem almost impossible. Write me for the actual proof is all I ask. No charge or obligation.

My way of teaching piano or organ is **entirely different** from all others. Out of every four hours of study, one hour is spent **entirely away from the keyboard**—learning something about Harmony and The Laws of Music. This is an awful shock to most teachers of the "old school," who still think that learning piano is solely a problem of "finger-gymnastics." When you do go to the Keyboard, you accomplish

twice as much because you **understand what you are doing**. Studying this way is a **pleasure**. Within four lessons I enable you to play an interesting piece not only in the original key, but in all other keys as well.

I make use of every possible scientific help—many of which are **entirely unknown** to the average teacher. My patented invention, the **COLOROTONE**, sweeps away playing difficulties that have troubled students for generations. By its use, Transposition—usually a "night-mare" to students—becomes easy and fascinating. With my fifth lesson I introduce another important and exclusive invention, **QUINN-DEX**. Quinn-Dex is a simple, hand-operated moving picture device which enables you to see, right before your eyes, every movement of my hands at the keyboard. **You actually see the fingers move**. Instead of having to reproduce your teacher's finger movements from **MEMORY**—which cannot be always accurate—you have the correct models before you during every minute of practice. The **COLOROTONE** and **QUINN-DEX** save you months and years of wasted effort. They can be obtained **only from me** and there is nothing else any where even remotely like them.

Men and women who have failed by all other methods have quickly and easily attained success when studying with me. In all **essential** ways you are in closer touch with me than if you were studying by the oral method—yet my lessons cost you only 43 cents each—and they include all the many recent developments in scientific teaching.

For the student of moderate means, this method of studying is **far superior** to all others; and even for the wealthiest student, there is nothing **better at any price**.

You may be certain that your progress is at all times in accord with the best musical thought of the present day, and this makes all the difference in the world.

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Dr. Quinn at his piano—From the famous sketch by Schneider, exhibited at the St. Louis Exhibition



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